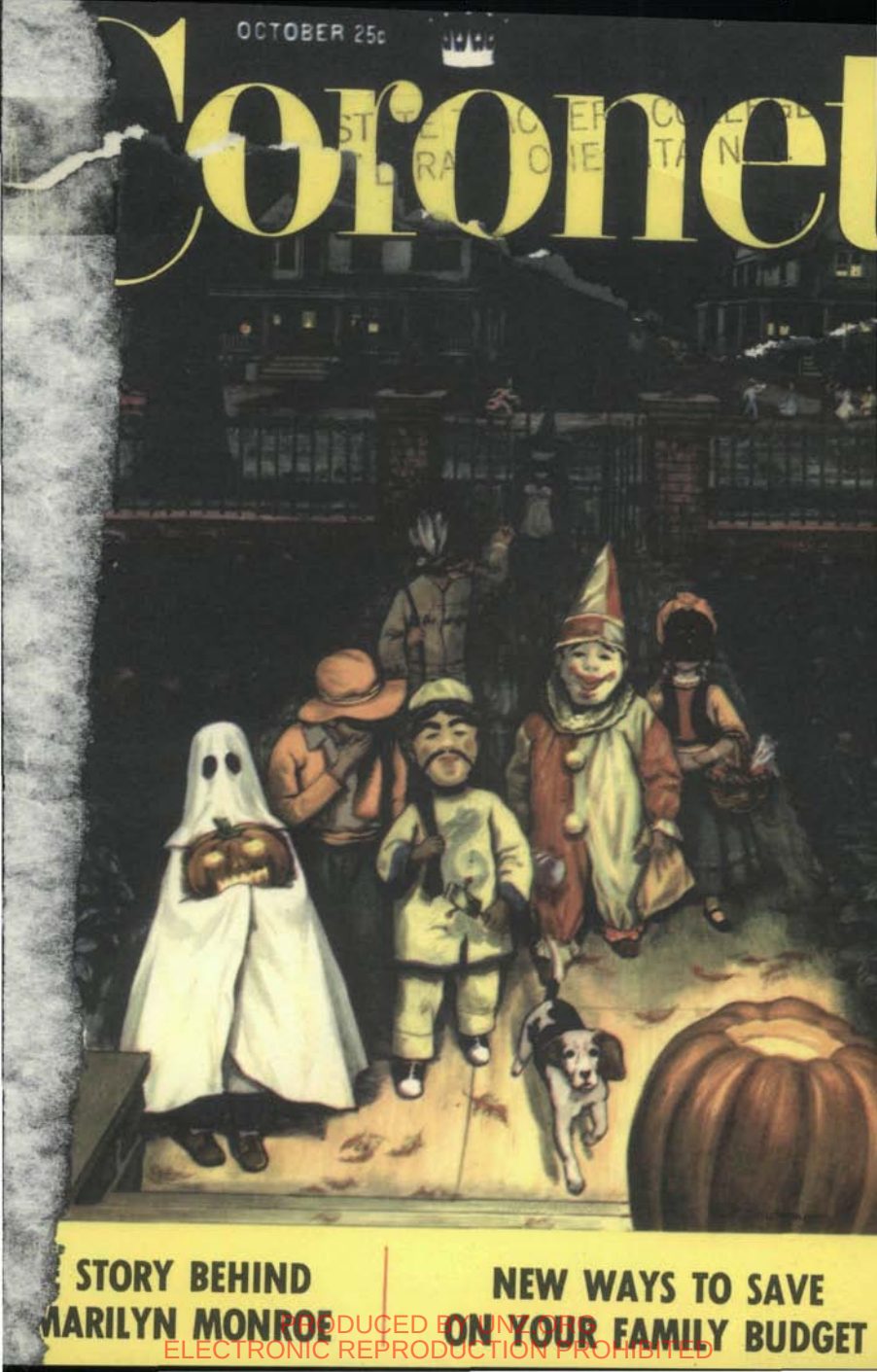

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Even Bud forgot the pie!

Table talk had centered around the election. Then Nancy asked, "Dad, how does the electoral college work?" "Well, er," said Dad. "Hey," chimed in Bud, "let's look it up in World Book!"

Soon the discussion turned to democracy, and World Book's fascinating article on "government" was in the thick of it. Mom brought in the pie unnoticed. World Book had provided such wonderful food for thought that even Bud forgot the pie!...

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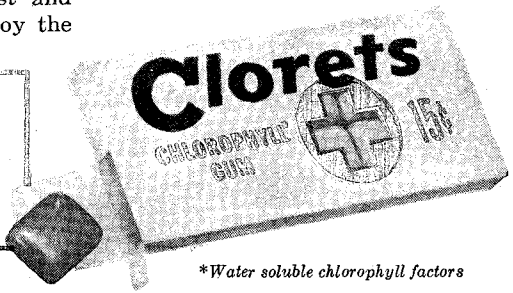

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THE MONTH'S BEST...

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

BEFORE DARRYL F. ZANUCK, Coronet's guest reviewer, made his explosive debut on the Hollywood scene some 30 years ago, motion pictures subsisted on sensation and comedy. In the incredible decade that followed, Zanuck pioneered the path of sound (*The Jazz Singer*), musical comedy (*42nd Street*), and movie biography (*The House of Rothschild*). Snatching his material from headlines, he produced *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. In a few short years, he had rocketed to the top and, as the only three-time winner of the coveted Oscar and the Irving Thalberg and New York Critics' Circle awards, has remained there ever since. His formula: a fine balance between social significance and entertainment. His latest: *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, 20th Century-Fox's bid for a fourth Zanuck Oscar.

THE MERRY WIDOW

M-G-M HAS CONCEIVED a brilliant Technicolor musical based on the original operetta, with many gay, colorful production numbers set to Franz Lehar's unforgettable music. Starring Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas, this is the kind of spectacular entertainment the movie-going millions love to see.

SON OF PALEFACE

A WELCOME SEQUEL to the Bob Hope-Jane Russell satire on the Old West, *Son of Paleface* adds Roy Rogers to the fun-making. With Bob as the offspring of a legendary Indian fighter, Jane as the head of a robber band, and all hands contributing a laugh a minute, Paramount has another winner.

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THE DARK CAN KILL YOU

WHO is the real villain in America's terrible tragedy of traffic deaths — a tragedy that featured its millionth victim last year?

Reckless youth? Lax laws? Drunken driving? Speeding?

There is some evidence that darkness — just plain darkness — is more to blame than any of these. In a Connecticut area, for instance, where 182 pedestrians were killed at night in two years, *179 were killed on poorly lighted streets.*

Cities across the country have already been doing something about it — lighting their killer corners, illuminating their death-trap streets.

What happened?

Salt Lake City cut night deaths 92% in one area; Grand Rapids 78%; Bridgeport 93%; Houston 80%; Los Angeles 91%.

The savings in property and man hours more than paid for the lighting costs. It is estimated that good street lighting could save the nation $1,450,000,000 a year — and the savings in human happiness are incalculable!

That old taxpayers' devil — cost — has been the big hurdle, as local municipal officials can tell you.

Realizing this, General Electric has thrown research and engineering talent against that problem — and has made some encouraging discoveries in lamp and light-fixture efficiency.

Take the case of Kansas City. Their annual lighting bill was $640,000 in 1940. Now, with four times the light, the bill is $615,000. And the night-to-day death ratio dropped from 9 to 1, to less than 2 to 1.

When that news gets around, you'll see more action in American cities.

It isn't only in street lighting that General Electric engineers put their heads together with city officials to make things better for taxpayers. It's happening in problems of water shortage, waste disposal, traffic control, factory and home modernization, and in all the ways electricity can add to productivity.

It's hard to write a definition of the American way. It's easy to find examples.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Flower Fixings

NOW THAT THE END of the "pick it yourself" flower season has come, you'll want to be certain that the ones you get from the florist are used to best advantage. He can help you choose carnations, or gladioli, or roses which are almost always in season—but you'll have to fit them, and the arrangements, to your own rooms.

There's nothing more dismal than a bare entrance hall. To say "welcome" to your visitors, try some flowers on the hall table. If there's a mirror above the table, arrange the flowers in a curve which reaches upward, yet doesn't make it impossible to use the mirror.

Since the table is likely to be small, keep the flowers and their container in proportion—and remember that people will be admiring your bouquet from above. Make it look its prettiest from that angle.

Flowers as a centerpiece can make excellent food taste even better—but keep one thing in mind. Your guests want to see each other, as well as the table decorations. Keep the centerpiece low enough so that they don't get that "tennis-match feeling," moving their heads to avoid the foliage.

You don't need the inevitable dozen—experiment with a few, carefully arranged so that they are pleasing from any seat at the table. Be sure to camouflage the needle or wire holder—since your guests are sitting down, they may be able to see right into the bowl.

The same problem exists for flowers on a coffee table. They can be seen from behind as well as in front, and most of the time people will tower above them. If your table is round, try a group of flowers which repeat the design. If it's long, use spikes (gladioli or snapdragons) in a low vertical arrangement, or emphasize the length with a sweeping L-shaped pattern.

The containers you use are limited only by your own imagination and their appropriateness to the setting and the flowers. Pitchers are fine for informal arrangements—so is an ordinary kitchen frying pan! For more dignified designs, try low bowls, or shallow oblong containers.

There's no need to confine the flowers in your home to the rooms visitors see. Delight the family with a bouquet in the kitchen—arrange a few blossoms in a teacup or small basket and place it on the window sill above the sink.

A bedroom night table is the perfect place for another small arrangement. If your prize living room or hall flowers have begun to fade, and you can salvage only a carnation or two, try arranging them in a perfume bottle or powder bowl, and put it beside the bed.

Remember to keep flowers away from direct sunlight and hot radiators. They wilt rapidly enough in overheated air without extra help. Don't be afraid to cut stems—flowers all one height look awkward and unnatural. You'll find that if you ruthlessly measure and cut, you'll be able to make interesting arrangements with four or five flowers which step down into a low dish—or even with one gladiolus, its leaves pointing upward as a background.

Flowers and leaves bring springtime into a house, no matter what the season. Choose them for color, shape—and life span—and arrange them to suit your personality and way of life.

—ALICE COONEY

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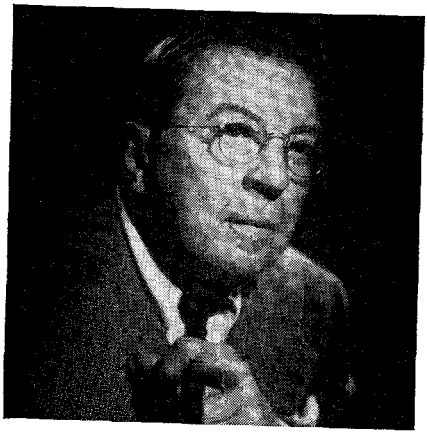
MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
World-famous wife and mother; Senior United States Representative of the United Nations General Assembly; author, radio and television commentator; internationally respected and admired for her interest in, and understanding of, all peoples.

HONORABLE CHARLES EDISON
Son of the late Thomas A. Edison; former Assistant Secretary and then Secretary of the Navy; former Governor of New Jersey; guiding force as officer and/or director in many nationally known civic, educational and industrial organizations.



MR. RUPERT HUGHES
Author, playwright, producer, poet, biographer, composer; chief assistant editor of the 25-volume History of the World published by Encyclopaedia Britannica; veteran of two world wars; Hollywood writer, Doctor of Letters, director and commentator.

These three great Americans can afford any type of hearing aid at any price. They wear the seventy-five dollar Zenith hearing aid.

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA BASED ON "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA."

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♪ The Music Makers

Mr. Ormandy plays musical chairs

EUGENE ORMANDY, under whose direction the Philadelphia Orchestra has become, in the opinion of many critics, the outstanding orchestra of all time, holds the distinction of conducting more concerts per year than any other symphonic director. He is also notable among conductors as a snappy handler of fast cars, as a steady burner of midnight oil, and for being, by his own claim, the man with the shortest hair to have had a serious influence on the performance of great music.

The Ormandy influence is more a matter of orchestral teamwork than of flashiness with the baton. "Ormandy is an orchestra builder," says a former associate. "He has taken 113 highly individualistic musicians, all good enough to be soloists, and whipped them into a unit that plays together like the Yankee ball team. If you think that's easy, you don't know musicians." Critics commonly dip into their purplest ink to describe the fruits of Ormandy's labors. A random sampling of reviews of a new performance or recording is likely to turn up such phrases as "wonderful actuality of the Philadelphia Orchestra," "silken persuasion of the Philadelphia strings," and "gorgeous sounds of this matchless orchestra."

We dropped into the Philadelphia Academy of Music recently to watch Mr. Ormandy record Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, nicknamed the Pathétique, and found everything in a state of purposeful confusion, with Mr. Ormandy cheerfully waving his musicians to and fro across the stage.

"We've been playing musical chairs," said Mr. Ormandy, a stocky, energetic man dressed in flannel slacks, loafers, and a blue sport shirt. "We re-arrange the instruments. We make a test. We re-arrange the instruments again. We make more tests. The idea is to get a recording set-up where every instrument will be heard distinctly, even the little tinkle of the triangle." He waved toward the activity on the stage. "This is nothing," he said. "The other day the recording director from Columbia marched in with an army of carpenters and began to do indescribable things to our acoustical arrangements. I admit I was a little astonished. I said, 'You are sure you have given this sufficient thought?' He said, 'Maestro, I have been thinking about this for six years.' Well, the changes were made, and the new quality of sound was extraordinary. Vast. A great spaciousness, like a cathedral. Excuse me, please," said Mr. Ormandy, and went off to confer briskly with the recording director.

"The Pathétique," he said, com-

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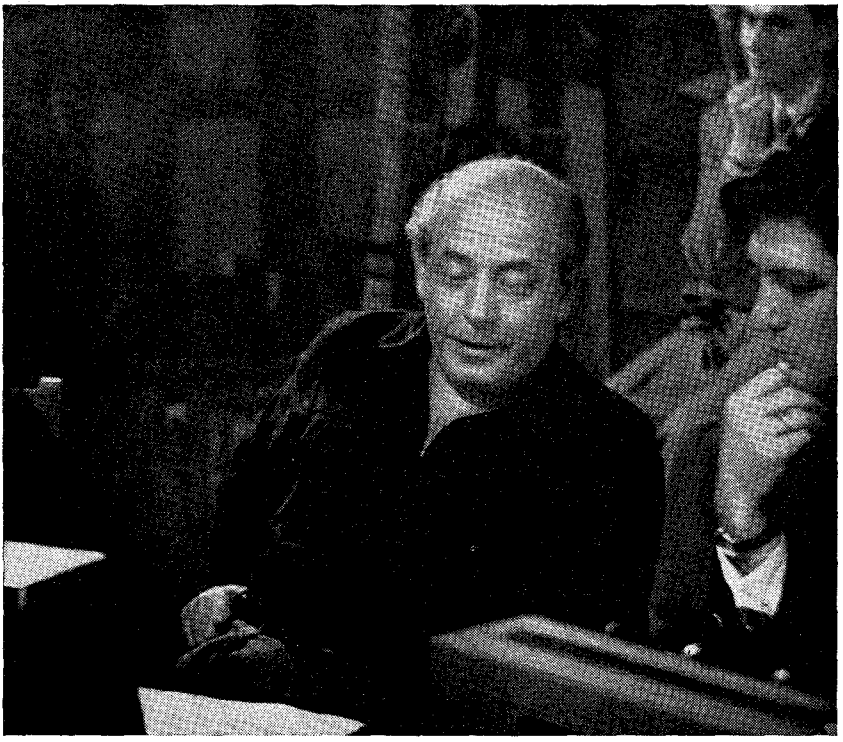

ing back. "A misnomer. There is nothing pathetic about the Pathétique. Lyric, dramatic, tragic, yes. Not pathetic. Tchaikovsky called it pathetic because he was disappointed in the reaction of the first-night audience. Fortunately, he was mistaken. This is one of the most-loved pieces of music. I think our new recording will be quite something."

THE ORCHESTRA had by now been re-positioned, and Mr. Ormandy mounted the podium to test the new arrangement. We went to the control booth and found ourselves enveloped in an impressive surge of sound. The recording director was listening with an air of intense concentration and happiness. Presently he turned to us and, making a little circle with his thumb and forefinger, gave us the universal sign of approbation. "Peter Ilyitch," said he, "never had it so good."

These Are My Latest
By Eugene Ormandy
Symphony No. 6 ("*Pathétique*")
Tchaikovsky
Music by Strauss—
(Johann, Josef, and Eduard)
Symphonie Fantastique—Berlioz
Symphony No. 1 in C-Minor—Brahms
Eugene Ormandy and
The Philadelphia Orchestra record
exclusively for *Columbia Records*

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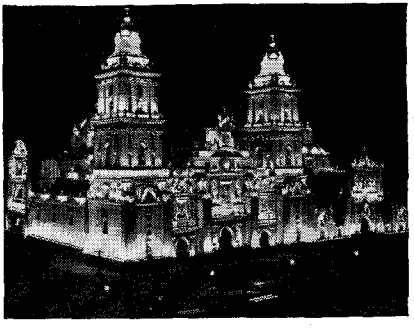
Let's Go To Mexico

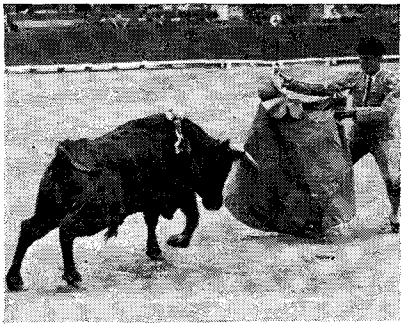
An ancient legendary god.



Mexico is a land of warmth, faith, spectacle. On festive occasions, cathedral lights brighten the sky, and people sing.

It is an ancient land where the smoke of active volcanoes rises above the ruins of a civilization centuries old.

It is a land of blue mountain lakes, ever-beckoning. It is the romance of Acapulco, the culture of Hispanic villages.



And it is the suave modernity of Mexico City—glamorous hotels, bull rings, and nights in a land of eternal spring.

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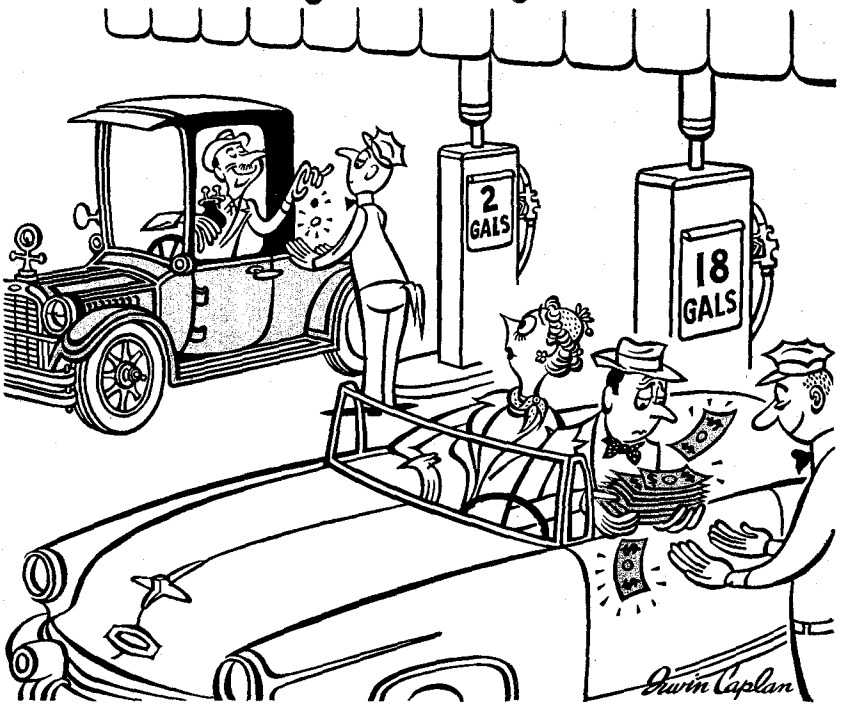
There's always one guy...



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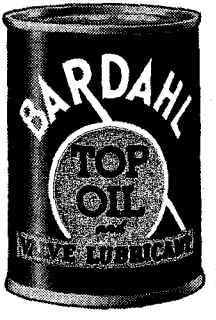

*Recommended for regular and premium gasolines

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FASHION

Personality in Scarfs

Two ways to quick-change a dress. Slip a diagonally-folded scarf into the belt, or through its own loop at the neckline.

A LITTLE INGENUITY plus a scarf can make a dress or suit change personality completely. Even men, who think of scarfs mainly for warmth, would be surprised at what careful selection can do to add color and style to conservative clothes.

Any woman can find the right shape and pattern for her scarfs in prices which range from less than a dollar to high figures for French imports. A large silk or rayon square can double as a blouse, add a floating panel to a simple dress, or a distinctive touch of color at the neckline.

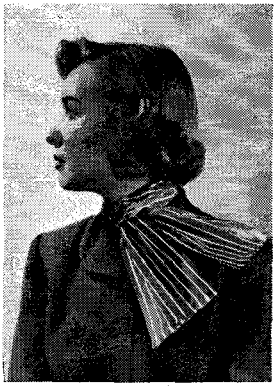
Smaller squares and oblongs can be tucked into pockets, knotted at belts, or worn half a dozen ways at the neck. Scarfs are printed in stripes, geometric designs, florals and as many original patterns as designers can devise.

There are so many intriguing possibilities that everyone can express personality in how a scarf is worn.

—*Jeanne Du Faye*

Perky as a kitten, this small square is tied to stand out in a mock bow.

Casual as all outdoors is this striped wool scarf flung around the neck.



Add dash to sports clothes with this striped, stiffened ascot, worn many ways.

Scarfs by Glentex, Echo and Cisco. Posed by Mike Wallace and Buff Cobb, of "Mike and Buff"—CBS-TV, and Toni Southern of the Mello-Larks, Mel Torme Show—CBS-TV.

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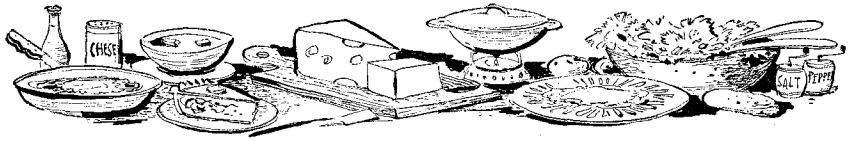
For That Extra Taste



THERE'S AN EASY way to add glamour —and good nutrition—to everyday foods. Just dress them up with cheese. It can go into everything from canapés to dessert, and blends happily with meat, fish and fruit.

Are vegetables a problem in your house? Try blanketing them with a golden sauce, and watch the family gobble them up. The sauce looks difficult, but is as simple as melting processed American cheese in the top of a double boiler, gradually adding milk until it's the right thickness, and seasoning it to suit your taste.

This same smooth sauce takes an omelette out of the "Oh, that again" class. Nestle the cheese mixture and asparagus between the folds of the omelette, and serve with pride. Try it sometimes with shrimp and a dash of Worcestershire for added surprise.

If you buy a loaf of cheddar or American cheese, you can cube it and use the squares in a dozen different dishes. As a start, float a few on top of tomato soup. With crusty bread, a salad and dessert, this makes a healthy lunch for the children home from school, or the whole family on a Saturday. Cheese cubes go into salads, too. They add color and flavor to cucumber and tomato slices, served on lettuce with French dressing.

The Italians know the wonders of grated cheese. If you like Parmesan, you've probably tried it on spaghetti and soup in a restaurant. Why not at home? To make veal taste better than ever, prepare the cutlets the way you like them, then sprinkle a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan over the surface of each. Lower the flame, cover the pan, and wait until the cheese has melted.

Grated American cheese adds an interesting flavor and a beautiful glaze to baked or broiled fish. Just put the fish under the broiler (after it's been cooked, of course) until the cheese melts and spreads. For a topping on casseroles, mix the grated cheese with bread crumbs, spread it over whatever is in the dish, and put it in the oven to brown.

Even breakfast can be dressed up in a new look with the use of a little imagination. Fry a few strips of bacon until crisp, shred some cheese, and add the crumbled bits to waffle batter. Or serve cream cheese as a surprise spread with waffles. Add cheese to muffins, and be sure to bake enough of them.

For a party, or to delight the family on Sunday, give your imagination free rein. Pear halves, placed cut side down on a platter, can form the basis for any number of salads. Work a few spoonfuls of milk into cream cheese until it spreads easily. Then coat the fruit with this slightly fluffy mixture. On top, arrange pitted halves of grapes, to form "bunches." Or stud the pears and cream cheese with bits of pineapple.

Of course, everyone knows about apple pie and cheese—it's an American tradition. But have you ever tried putting the cheese on the pie, under the crust, before it's baked? Or on top of the crust when warming it in the oven?

There are as many other ways to use cheese as there are families who've learned the secret of sprinkling a little bit here and melting a little bit there to add variety to the daily menu.

—Carol Morton

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Wrong Move
STEADY! WHOA! GIMME A HAND, WILLYA? EASY! PUT IT DOWN··· I GOT TO REST A LITTLE! ARE YOU SURE IT'LL FIT IN THE CAR···?
YOU'RE PUTTING ALL THE WEIGHT ON ME! WATCH THE WALL! YOU'RE SCRATCHING THE TABLE!
SCURATCH!
JUST HAVIN' A LAST CUP OF TEA AND THAT SON-IN-LAW MOVES THE TABLE RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER ME···
OH, BOY! THESE TABLE LEAVES MAKE A SWELL TENT!
MAMA PACKED MY SHOES IN THE BARREL··· SO I'LL WEAR MY ICE SKATES···
WAA··
RIP!
FO
Right Move
ALL YOUR
HOR
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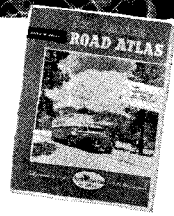

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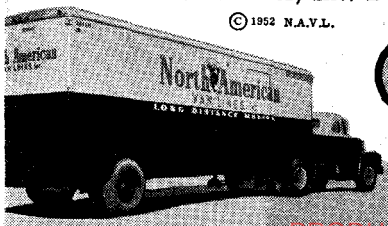

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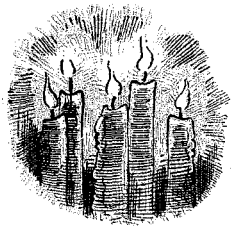
Vol. 32, No. 6. October, 1952

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

FAREWELL TO A COWBOY

by BUD GREENSPAN



RODEO COWBOYS, people in the audience said, were hard-boiled, cold and unemotional. Let one of them be thrown from a horse or trampled by a Brahman bull, and the others merely watched from the side lines, unmoved and unsympathetic, as crewmen or doctors carried off the injured man.

Their indifferent attitude seemed to say: "This is a tough racket. We get paid only for what our endurance earns us. If a man is hurt, then competition is cut. Besides, broken bones are part of the business. We know that when we sign up for a new season.

"Any man who doesn't want it that way should stay out on the range, where he is safer."

That is what people in the audience thought about rodeo performers. But one night seven years ago, the cowboys themselves refuted that charge. They did it quietly, unheralded. This was to be an hour for themselves alone. And thus, nobody has known about it until now.

It was October 18, 1945. Madison Square Garden was packed with excited, cheering rodeo fans. For two hours, competing cowboys battled with wild bulls and bucking horses. With each victory by the beasts, another man crumbled in a heap on the trampled arena floor. The air bristled with disaster: each cowboy was grimly determined to win top money.

Among the performers was a young United States Marine, Sergeant Homer Cook, 27 years old, who had worked the rodeos before his enlistment and had obtained a special furlough to make this appearance in the Garden. He was

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soon to be discharged, and he wanted this opportunity to earn money for a new start in life.

It was 11 o'clock, time for one of the main events: the Wild Horse Race. Untamed and selected for their meanness, the horses kicked restlessly in their box stalls.

Eleven wild broncos lined up side by side, straining as they awaited release. Their nostrils flared as they snorted with fear. Their muscles were ready to propel them into a whirling contest of animal fury at the approach of a man. Eleven cowboys nervously awaited the signal for the start.

"Mount!" the rodeo official called tersely.

Quickly the men approached the horses. Toward Chute 9 stepped Sergeant Cook. Cautiously the men began to mount their horses.

Then it happened. Suddenly Cook's horse reared high, knocking him to the ground. Again and again the horse leaped wildly. A low moan rose from the shocked audience.

From all corners of the arena, the cowboys came running. They rushed to Chute 9 and swung open the gate.

The mad horse galloped across the sawdust turf. On the ground, in a crushed huddle, was the lifeless body of Homer Cook.

Next morning the newspapers told the story of the Marine sergeant. But they merely told of the fatal accident, not of what happened afterward.

That night Madison Square Garden was packed. Again wild animals threw cowboys into the air, crashing them to the ground. Again the other performers watched coolly from the side lines.

A spectator commented: "Look at those cold-hearted riders! You wouldn't think one of their buddies was killed here last night. A lot they care about it! To them it's just one less guy they have to beat for the top money."

But the cowboys did care. They cared in their own way—the deep silent way that eventually cloaks all thoughts of men who spend months alone on the plains, then for a few weeks risk their lives nightly to thrill a crowd and perhaps earn a little money. Beneath their cool indifference, each cowboy thought:

"On his own, in the middle of an arena, a skilled performer knows how to fall, how to scramble away from flying hoofs. If he is careless, if he makes a mistake, then it's his own fault. But being attacked by a frantic horse in the midst of a herd of milling animals is something else. A man doesn't have a chance."

That was the tragedy of Sergeant Homer Cook. He hadn't had a chance. That was why everyone ran to him when he fell. And that was why, after the crowd left the arena the night following his death, a strange event took place in Madison Square Garden.

At midnight, the vast arena was dim and silent. At one end of the Garden, huge doors swung open. An unusual procession began.

It was led by Roy Rogers, star of the rodeo, and his famous horse, Trigger. Behind them followed all the performers—the cowboys, their wives, the technicians, the officials, the crewmen and the animal caretakers.

Silently they walked an eerie path, formed by hundreds of can-

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dles, which led to an altar in the center. Madison Square Garden had become a cathedral.

At the last stroke of midnight, all eyes turned to a side entrance. Eight cowboys entered and marched slowly toward the altar.

On their shoulders they carried a coffin, draped with an American flag. At the altar they gently lowered it to a carpet.

A minister appeared and talked briefly about the young Sergeant who hadn't had a chance. Next the cluster of mourners bowed their heads and prayed that he would have it now. Then Roy Rogers stepped forward, and his soft voice was scarcely heard in the vast auditorium as he sang *The Last Roundup*.

In a few minutes the ceremony ended. Silently the cowboys filed out of the dark arena to the cool air of the street. Thus, without fanfare, unseen by spectators and unknown to the press, the reportedly hard-boiled and unemotional cowboys said farewell to a brave friend.

In a Word

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN took Al Woods, the producer, for his first trip to Paris. Al secretly studied a French dictionary. In a Paris restaurant, Woods leaned over and whispered something in French to the waiter. When the garçon left, Hammerstein asked: "Is that all the French you can speak?"

"It's enough—I told him to give you the check." —HARRY HERSHFIELD

A UNIVERSITY lecturer, finding that one of his students was persistently using long words in his essays when shorter ones would have done, pointed out: "It's been well said that the beauty of the English Language lies mostly in its short words."

"Indubitably," agreed the student, "indubitably."

—*Montreal Daily Star*

GEORGE MATHIEU, legendary interpreter at the great conferences from Versailles to the Glass House in New York, with his amiable disposition helped to tone down many a difference of opinion between irate diplomats. But once he failed. At the Paris Reparations Conference in 1925, a British delegate called the statement of a colleague "a damned lie." Mathieu tactfully translated: "In the view of the British delegate, the statement does not conform to reality."

"I didn't say that!" interrupted the Briton, angrily jumping to his feet. "I said it's a damned lie."

—BETTY STONES (*UN World*)

A MINISTER WAS having a serious talk with one of his parishioners. "Yes," he said, "education is a very important thing, and we parents must sacrifice our pleasures for our children's benefit. Do you know I had to pinch like fury to send my boys through college."

Looking a bit startled, the woman answered, "Oh, but my husband's too afraid of the law to do anything like that."

—*Montreal Daily Star*

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A Message for Every Family . . .

Five Wrong Ways to Save Money

by MADELYN WOOD

IN LOS ANGELES, a sobbing wife explained to the judge why she wanted a divorce. Her husband had worked out so many ways of saving money that life had become a miserable round of penny-pinching.

Though this case may seem extreme, the problem underlying it is disturbingly common. From talks with family money counselors of the Institute of Life Insurance, with banks and government agencies, as well as with families in many sections of the country, it is hard to escape a troubling conclusion: Millions of Americans are making themselves miserable by trying to save money *the wrong way.*

Their efforts are all too understandable, for never before have people in all income brackets found themselves with a more pressing problem of budget planning. The middle-class, white-collar family in particular finds itself caught in a frightening squeeze play, as incomes fail to keep pace with soaring prices. So it is little wonder that the idea "we ought to find some way to save money" has become almost a national obsession.

Now, of course, saving money is a fine thing—if it's done the right way. Done the wrong way, it can turn out to be not only a vain effort that gets no results, but even a vicious influence quite capable of destroying family happiness. Yet most Americans seemingly aren't aware that there is a wrong way to save money, or that some of the most painful methods are the least profitable.

1. *Don't Try Schemes in Which the Money Saved Is Not Worth the Effort.*

It was another angry scene at the Anderson house that ended with the husband slamming out, muttering, "If this is the way we have to save money, I'd rather not save it!"

Later, as Mrs. Anderson talked with a budget counselor, she complained bitterly, "How can we ever save a cent when nobody in the house will cooperate?" Her husband's flare-up over her request that he take the weekly dry cleaning to the plant for the 10 per cent cash-and-carry saving was typical, she said.

When the counselor had heard all the facts, he said bluntly, "In this case, I think your husband is right." He went on to point out to

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the surprised Mrs. Anderson that her husband's having to leave for work early on Monday and arriving home late on Thursday, in order to take and pick up dry cleaning, just wasn't worth the saving of 30 cents a week.

Mrs. Anderson went away from that interview with the realization that she had fallen into one of the most common—and most irritating—of savings pitfalls. Too many families are doing the same thing. They are undertaking petty economies that require effort out of all proportion to the money saved.

In a surprising number of families, it takes the form of attacks on the very items on which the savings add up to the least. Like electricity, which has probably gone up less in price than any item you buy today. Look at the case of a family who, alarmed at the size of their light bill, set out on an ardent campaign to cut it down.

Everyone was instructed to turn off the lights as soon as he left a room. In some fixtures, lower wattage lamps were substituted. Use of the electric heater in the bathroom was frowned on, and hardier members of the family shivered in chilled martyrdom rather than turn it on. At the end of the month they checked on results. They had saved all of 90 cents!

Or look at the man who, every Friday after work, drove three miles outside the city to fill his gas tank at a cut-rate station. The catch was that he always got caught in the traffic jam caused by a nearby factory. He saved 25 cents a week, but it cost him half an hour's time and he always arrived home feeling out-of-sorts.

2. *Don't Let Saving Become An Obsession.*

One of the unhappiest women I know is a housewife who keeps herself in a constant state of anxiety about spending money. She is violently disturbed by the price tags on every item she buys—and since she does the shopping for a large family, she has to buy a lot. Often she comes home without many of the things she went to buy, because she just couldn't bring herself to pay the price.

This woman is actually damaging the happiness of herself and her family by failing to recognize a basic fact: *You have to spend most of your money.* Moreover, most of your purchases involve price factors beyond your control. Since there is no way around this elemental if disturbing situation, why fret over every dollar you spend?

The antidote is simple: Write a list of all the things on which, at the time of purchase or payment, you feel, or have felt, you ought to be saving money. Then ask yourself honestly: Is there any possible way for me to save money on this? If there is, is it one I can, will or should take?

You will find that you have a good reason for buying most of the things you need. Changing your buying methods is something you are really not going to attempt under most circumstances.

A neighbor of mine chides himself every time he buys a pair of shoes. "Shouldn't be paying this much for them," he says whenever he pays $21 a pair. But the fact of the matter is that he *should*, for he has found this particular make of shoe to be the only one that fits

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him comfortably. When he buys shoes, he shouldn't make himself miserable by thinking of this as a savings opportunity. For him, it isn't.

The decision about where you are going to save money should be made long before you reach the counter. You will be a lot happier if you buy what you want with a clear conscience.

3. *Don't confuse Bargain-Hunting with Wise Buying.*

To a large percentage of people who unburden their woes to budget counselors, saving money simply means bargain-hunting.

"Bargains," a bank counselor told me, "can wreck family finances." He described a woman who showed up at her family doctor's office, complaining that she was "just too tired to move." The doctor diagnosed her case as exhaustion. She had been driving herself to an orgy of shopping, plodding from store to store in an endless search for bargains. She had succeeded so well that not only was she worn out, but the family was "bargain poor."

In a few cases, this woman had made real savings, but these were canceled by the fact that she had purchased some items that weren't needed, at least not at the time. Moreover, a good many of the items turned out to be no bargains at all.

She had bought quantities of socks for the children, but the dyes ran and colored everything in the family wash; she had bought a bargain set of waterless cookery that failed to live up to claims made for it; an off-make sewing machine, purchased at a "25 per cent saving," proved troublesome and, she found out, carried no service guarantee.

This is undoubtedly an extreme case, but it typifies an attitude that in many families is turning the effort to save into a nightmare. The victims of this malady have confused bargain-hunting with wise buying. Many housewives ruefully remark, "I really don't know why I bought *this*—but it was so cheap."

Somehow, you must learn to be tough about bargains. Generally speaking, there is only one way to obtain a bargain and that is to buy in off seasons. Sun suits in August at half-price may well be bargains; sun suits offered at half-price in June should arouse suspicion. Blankets at reduced prices in May can save you money; in October, a "reduced" price is more likely to mean simply cheaper merchandise.

4. *Don't count on Saving Sprees to Save Money.*

It happens once a month in some families, once a year in others, but almost certainly at some time in every family nowadays.

It starts when the monthly bills come in, or when the income taxes have to be paid, or when winter clamps down and fuel has to be purchased. With the bills spread out, father declares sternly that the time has come, so help him, when this family is going to buckle down and save money! So the family plunges into a savings spree.

For a time it works. Nobody buys anything that isn't absolutely necessary. The children are afraid even to ask for any money for ice cream. Economy dishes begin to appear on the table in place of meat. Father cuts his lunch expenditure. Mother skips that new permanent. Then the weekly movie goes overboard. There is even a sort of grim, maso-

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chistic satisfaction to it—for awhile.

Then things begin to happen. The fender gets dented and the $50-deductible insurance doesn't cover the $16 bill. Then Susan just has to have a party dress. ("We couldn't deny her that—when she'll be through school so soon!"). And it turns out that father's boss' wife is away and this is certainly the time to have the boss for dinner ("and we'd better have steak.").

That breaks the charm and soon the family is back to spending normally—until the next month's batch of bills comes in. What's so wrong with that? Partly the fact that it is as good a way as any to make a family uncomfortable while the spree lasts. Mainly that it simply doesn't work—it's a wrong way to save money.

Savings made during the days that the drive lasts are largely an illusion. Inevitable purchases are simply deferred; expenditures are just made at a different time of the month. The basic family financial picture is not changed for the better.

What every family needs is a sound, year-round spending plan—call it a budget if you want to. Only if it has some means of allocating funds so they are available to meet needs as they arise can a family hope to avoid violent and fruitless economy drives. And it has been made easier by the recent development of several good budget plans.

One of the best is that worked out, after much research, by the Institute of Life Insurance. Its "family money manager" blueprints budgeting neatly and anyone can follow it. You can obtain a copy free by simply writing to the Institute of Life Insurance, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

5. *Don't Miss the Big Chances to Save.*

Take another look at the Andersons, who were struggling so hard to save 30 cents a week on dry cleaning. At that rate they could have saved only $15.60 a year—and this at the expense of having an annoying little task always on their minds, leading to quarrels between husband and wife. This might not have been so bad if the Andersons had had no other way to save. But when they sat down to consider their *whole* financial picture, they found a way to save $150 a year with no inconvenience at all.

For years they had been paying five-and-a-half per cent interest on their mortgage. A building and loan association, they learned, would refinance the remaining $10,000 at four per cent.

Or take the man who drove miles out of his way to save on gasoline. His approach to saving was typical of the universal error which makes it natural to concentrate on cutting the expenses that are in plain sight.

His total bill for gasoline in a year was less than $300, yet he was spending $500 a year for another automotive item he hadn't even thought about. He had bought a new car in 1949 for $2,800. He planned to trade it in '52, but discovered he would get an allowance of only a little over $1,300—meaning he would take an average depreciation loss of $500 a year.

He figured his loss between '52 and '53 would be only $200, however, so that by driving his present car one more year, even with $100 for new tires and minor repairs, he could save almost six times as much

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as he could by a whole year's efforts to cut gasoline costs.

Possibilities for big savings are by no means limited to expenditures for basic items, such as housing and your car. A Chicago family which had been going on periodic savings sprees awakened to the fact that, worn out by the violence of their efforts, they were splurging on their summer vacations. "We deserve a good vacation after all that scrimping," was the underlying thought that, year after year, had led them to rent a $750-a-season cottage.

They found that for $250 they could buy all the equipment needed for comfortable camping close to where they had rented the cottage. They gave up nothing, actually had a better time, and saved $500.

It will take time, thought and sustained effort to find your particular chance for a meaningful saving, but once you have found it, the benefits will be far greater than any you could achieve by years of petty exasperating economies. What's more important, you'll be on your way to new peace of mind about your family finances when you stop pinching pennies with your left hand while unwittingly throwing away dollars with your right.

Rural Roundup

A MAN WAS traveling through Alabama and in talking to a native asked if it were true that hot weather was good for a cotton crop.

"Well," drawled the old farmer, "somebody said so at one time and it was too hot for anybody to deny it, and that's how the darn idea got started."

THE MAN FROM the hinterlands sat down at a table in the swank restaurant in the big city. Then he tucked a napkin under his chin and said to the waiter: "Bud, can I get a really first-class dinner in here?"

"Yeah," the irritated waiter replied, "but not a shampoo, sir!"

A VISITOR at a farm, noticing that one of the mules had a particularly vicious look, asked the stable boy: "Sam, does that mule ever kick you?"

"Well, no sir," replied Sam, "but he's always a-kickin' the place where I recently was."

A FARM BOY, attending the consolidated school for the first time, was having a physical examination. The county nurse was about to take a sample of his blood and have it typed.

"Say," exclaimed the youngster, as the nurse rolled up his sleeve, "what do you think you're going to do to me?"

"I just want to find out what type blood you have, dear," replied the nurse patiently.

"That's a waste of time," came the quick answer. "I can tell you right now that I'm the ornery type." —*Wall Street Journal*

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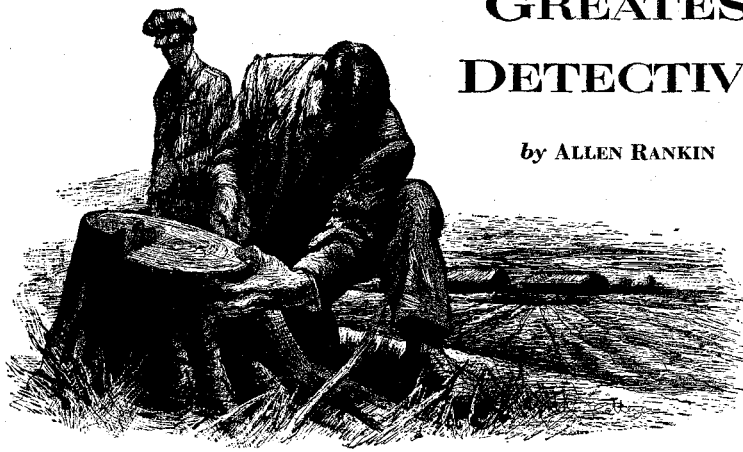
THE SOUTH'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

by ALLEN RANKIN



With science and horse sense, Dr. Carl Rehling has solved Alabama's toughest cases

A SKELETON HAND dragged out of a swamp by a pack of hounds shocked the town of Oneonta, Alabama. Armed posses vainly combed the woods for a dead man and his killer; and when the local sheriff's men failed to solve the mystery of the lonely hand, it was inevitable that they call on Dr. Carl J. Rehling, the state's No. 1 crime sleuth, in his laboratory at Alabama Polytechnic Institute in Auburn.

Rehling, technically no detective but a boyish-looking scientist of 45 took one look at the hand and announced: "There's something funny about this!"

With a pair of calipers he did some measuring, then: "You will observe," he said in his schoolmaster's manner, "that the carpals are too short, the space between the knuckle joints too narrow to belong to a man. This is the hand of one of the lower primates. In fact," he added after a glance at a biology text, "it is the hand of a chimpanzee. Have you had a carnival at Oneonta recently?"

Told that they had, Rehling grinned, made a phone call and found his suspicion correct. The visiting carnival had indeed lost a chimpanzee.

That ended that "murder mystery." In a few minutes Dr. Rehling's happy mixture of science and horse sense had cracked a case that might have taken local police much time and expense to solve.

With similar canniness, "the Doc," as he is called, has solved more than 10,000 of his state's most obscure mysteries in the last 15

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years. Director of the State Department of Toxicology, one of the two state-level crime laboratories in the South, in a single day he may investigate the murder of a man, a cow or even a bird!

Doc Rehling does his sleuthing armed not with a gun but with a Ph.D. degree in soil-chemistry and an LL.B.; and probably no other criminologist, outside of fiction, gets more people out of serious trouble and salvages more reputations and lives than does this drawling but brilliant former professor.

In Montgomery several years ago, an Air Force sergeant found himself sweating out a nightmare predicament. If he had tried consciously to frame himself for murder, he couldn't have trapped himself more tightly.

At 7 P.M. he had threatened his wife at the home of some friends. Back home about midnight, he had again quarreled with her so violently that the noise alarmed neighbors. The quarrel occurred just a short while before the lady suddenly and violently "died."

"But I tell you I didn't kill her!" he insisted under police questioning. "Just after I hollered she left the house, and I went to bed. The first I knew anything was wrong was when the noise of something falling woke me up. There was my wife lying on the floor with that blue spot on her chin. Thinking she had fainted, I put her back to bed. I didn't know until the next morning that she was dead!"

"Who belted her in the chin?"

"How should I know? I tell you I was asleep!"

An impossible story, and yet Rehling emerged from among his test tubes to announce: "The man's telling the truth. He didn't kill his wife—couldn't have. She died not from the blow on her chin but from coronary thrombosis. Under the magnifying glass that bruise on her chin has a peculiar pattern—the same pattern as the edge of the dresser in the death room. The lady died of a heart attack and, falling, struck her chin on the dresser."

Rehling is a classically inclined soul who prefers his records of Beethoven and Bach to the music of police sirens. He passionately dislikes mystery stories because they are "not scientific enough," but to avoid argument takes a walk when his son Carl, Jr., ten, and daughter Anna, 18, insist upon listening to them on the radio. Yet the quiet, mild-mannered Professor is about the toughest character a bad actor can encounter south of the Mason-Dixon Line.

ON THE NIGHT OF February 4, 1940, Cathrin Bystrom, late of Alaska, stopped her car on a lonely Alabama bridge and calmly shot to death 65-year-old Lillian Schliefer, a missionary to whom she had offered a ride at Waco, Texas. She threw the victim's body into Lake Martin; drove on along the shore and threw in a laundry bag containing the dead woman's clothes. Then Cathrin drove on, thinking that was that.

A few weeks later, she was met by police in Memphis and invited to return to Alabama as a guest of its state prison for women. Under a microscope, Dr. Rehling had matched ends of some severed threads found on the murdered woman's body to ends of threads in

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the clothing found in the laundry bag. He also was able to discover from a man's garments in the laundry bag, whom Cathrin planned to meet after the murder.

Sheriff's men in south Alabama's sand and pulp-pine country like to remember the time they were having difficulty proving a certain farmer owned the rifle whose bullet had killed a sawmill operator. The rifle, of course, was conspicuous by its absence.

Dr. Rehling went into the farmer's back yard and began to probe into an old oak stump with his pocketknife. Soon the blade dug out a rifle bullet, then another—slugs whose rifling marks established the farmer's ownership of the death gun beyond doubt.

"Any farmer who owns a good rifle," explained Rehling, "has practically got to shoot it off into some stump or fence post around the place at one time or another."

The same kind of unacademic horse sense once ruined the postmortem impression a prominent divorcee sought to leave, namely, that she had not committed suicide but had been murdered. The lady went to great trouble to do this. In the room where she lay dead, a window stood open. The screen had been punched, indicating the latch had been picked by her killer. A purse turned inside out indicated robbery as the motive. A fuse in the master electric switch had been removed, presumably when the murderer doused the lights.

Rehling was properly impressed, but even more so by the fact that the two electric clocks—one in the living room and one in the kitchen—had stopped at exactly the same minute, 1:20. It occurred to him that two clocks in the same house seldom run exactly together. And when a check with a relative revealed that the clocks had never coincided, he was convinced the lady had set the "wrong" clock in order doubly to dramatize the minute of her death—a thing she hardly would have done had she been surprised by a murderer.

He also found the small groove which the revolver's trigger guard had made in the woman's skin as the recoil of the suicide shot spun the pistol backward on her thumb. The murder warrant that was about to be sworn out against her divorced husband—seemingly her chosen scapegoat—was never served.

Much of Rehling's time in the laboratory is spent chemically reducing parts of human bodies to nothing, to see if a bit of poison remains. If they wind up as a dot of yellow stain on a piece of chemically treated paper, arsenic was the killer; if in pink-to-orchid stains, it was barbiturates. Or when there remain only a few drops of metal, looking not unlike silver pellets from a shotgun shell, mercury poisoning is the verdict.

THE FIRST OF ITS kind in the South, Alabama's Toxicology Department developed out of a small laboratory whose original function was to analyze livestock poisonings for the Agriculture Department. Given police powers in 1935, it has been called on for more and more services, until today it has become a virtual rural Scotland Yard "Flying Squad," available at a moment's notice to assist local police with any problem which may call for sci-

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entific detective investigation.

For the big task it accomplishes, its three laboratories—one at Auburn, one at Birmingham and one at Mobile—boast a total of less than $15,000 worth of equipment; and its efficient staff numbers only 12 people in all, counting clerks and stenographers.

Much of its success is due to the remarkable versatility of Dr. Rehling, a one-man bureau in himself. As a sleuth, he collects evidence at the crime scene. As a scientist, he analyzes that evidence in the laboratory. As a lawyer, he makes the most of it in courtroom.

Son of a north Alabama carpenter, Carl Rehling set up his first chemistry laboratory at the age of nine. At 28, he resigned a chemistry professorship at Auburn to join the new Toxicology Department as first assistant to its founder, H. W. Nixon, and has been its chief since the latter's resignation in 1945.

One of the first important cases Rehling worked on was Mobile's famous Bell Case in 1939. Police, fanning out from the scene of the brutal rape, picked up a frightened Negro named Herman Bell.

"I didn't do it!" Bell protested heatedly. "They're trying to frame me! When that thing happened, I was all the way over on the other side of town fixing a flat tire!"

"All right, Herman," the toxicologist said quietly, "show us the place where you fixed the tire."

Bell showed them—and as a result died in the electric chair.

"Our microscopes gave us an exceptionally clear picture in that case," Rehling recalls. "The soil on Bell's clothes was entirely dissimilar to that at the spot where he claimed to have fixed the tire, and identical to the soil at the scene of the crime. Also, the crime occurred under a very rare Japanese bush, of which there were only a few in the entire city of Mobile. The dirt on Bell's clothes contained a small leaf from that bush."

Confronted with such overwhelming evidence, Bell confessed to the crime. Since then, Rehling has figured in thousands of headline cases in which science—not prejudice or circumstantial evidence—has had the last word.

Oddly enough, criminals seem to admire this archenemy who sees through them so clearly. One killer was doing well in court until Rehling took the stand. The Professor's testimony suddenly turned the tables and the murderer was sentenced to 20 years. After the trial, he walked over to the Doc and remarked in stunned admiration: "You were the only one who really told the truth about me!"

Always behave like a duck—keep calm and unruffled on the surface, but paddle like the devil underneath. —Lord Brabazon *of Tara* (*Irish Digest*)

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WE MUST CHANGE OUR SEX LAWS

by JUDGE MORRIS PLOSCOWE, (*Magistrate, City of New York*)

Too much legislation is based on wishful thinking and outmoded puritanism

"DON'T YOU BELIEVE in sending people to jail?"

This was the final, challenging question thrown at me by a woman who had been pleading vainly for a summons for her husband for the crime of adultery. I had to confess that though I was a criminal court judge who occasionally might be generous with other people's time, I did not believe that jail would cure her husband of his philandering tendencies.

I fear that I left her unconvinced. She may even have complained to a higher authority that justice was denied her. The issue as she saw it was clear: adultery is a misdemeanor punishable by six months' imprisonment in New York State. Her husband had committed adultery: therefore he should go to jail.

But I did not issue a summons because I knew perfectly well it would be a waste of time. The charge would be dismissed. Nothing is more of a dead letter than our adultery statutes. For example, in a recent 12-month period, some 6,000 divorces were granted in Manhattan—granted because of adultery, the only divorce ground admissible in New York State.

I searched the criminal-court records for that period, and although 6,000 husbands or wives had accused their mates of adultery and obtained divorces, I could not find a single charge of adultery on the police books! Obviously, there may be a law that says adultery is a crime, but the authorities act as though it doesn't exist.

The fact is, many of our sex laws are obsolete and almost completely ineffectual. They attempt to do the impossible. They fail to distinguish between the commonplace and dangerous in sex behavior: frequently they punish both with equal severity. They lump together sex activity and psychopathic aberration. All too often, they represent wishful thinking by well-intentioned legislators who are still living in the Victorian era.

Clearly, our sex laws need to be revised and rewritten. In 43 states, adultery laws were put on the books in the hopeful belief that you can assure marital fidelity by threatening a wandering mate with jail. The

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threat hasn't worked. History shows that even the severest punishment will not stop adultery. When adultery was punishable by death—as in early New England—men still continued to be unfaithful to their wives and wives to their husbands.

Our legislators, let it be said, have been guilty of confusing sin and crime. They have tended to brand as criminal what is undesirable. They have assumed that so long as certain sexual behavior is morally wrong and therefore sinful, they must make it criminal.

They have overlooked the fact that sins may be controlled by other means than by the threat of sending the sinner to jail. Statutes do not enforce themselves; and any attempt to ban sexual behavior carried on by large numbers of people is bound to fail.

This does not mean, however, that the law should tolerate *every* form of sexual behavior. That would be disastrous: it would mean bowing to the rule of the jungle. Every legal weapon must be vigorously used against brutal rapists and twisted perverts.

But even here, our sex laws are often at fault. Usually the law is precise in defining offenses, but it is surprisingly loose in designating such crimes as rape and assault upon children. Consequently, many men arrested on sex-crime charges and facing long terms of imprisonment, cannot truthfully be deemed dangerous.

Harry Y., for example, was no different from hundreds of other neighborhood youths in New York City. At 18 he had a steady job and a steady girl, Anne, a year younger than he. Then one day Harry began showing attention to another girl. Anne, jealous, accused him of being unfaithful. A bitter quarrel followed.

When Anne's parents became concerned over her moodiness, she broke down and confessed having had sexual relations with Harry. Her parents promptly had the boy arrested on a charge of rape.

Under New York law, Harry was guilty. Rape as now defined by the law is any act of sexual intercourse with a girl under 18.

I called Anne's parents into my chambers. "What do you think I ought to do with Harry?" I asked.

They looked at each other. Then the mother spoke: "Your Honor, I wouldn't want anything done with him if he'll marry Anne and right the wrong he did her."

"But suppose he doesn't want to marry her?"

"Then give him the limit," she exclaimed. "Let him go to jail and suffer!"

Obviously, Harry could not be a desperate and dangerous character if he was still a desirable son-in-law. Yet, regardless of my own views, I was helpless in this matter. Harry was in no financial position to marry, nor would society be likely to benefit from a "shotgun" marriage which inevitably would break up. I could only hold him for a higher court, which could sentence him to up to ten years in prison.

On another occasion, three men were brought before me, charged with rape. They were not criminal types: they were businessmen from out of town. They all had one thing in common: each had had sexual relations with a girl of 17.

The girl, who had run away from

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home, had been set up as a prostitute by a bellboy in the hotel where the three men were guests. Each man had been solicited by the bellboy. None knew that the girl was under 18. As a result, each man could be sent to jail for five years.

They stood before me, shamefaced and miserable. "How was I to know her age?" one man demanded bitterly. "You don't ask a girl in that profession for her birth certificate."

Another asked indignantly: "Judge, how can I be charged with rape? I didn't force her against her will."

To be sure, it was not the girl who cried "Rape." It was the law. And the law holds that if a girl is under 18, every man who is sexually intimate with her is guilty of statutory rape. The moment she reaches her 18th birthday, the same men under the same circumstances are guiltless in the eyes of the law of New York State.

I have in mind, too, George L., a young man who came before me bewildered. He had never been in trouble before. He supported himself and his widowed mother with his earnings as a machinist.

The night before, he had taken out Jane, a girl he had known for some time. They visited a number of taverns, then drove to the local lover's lane. They began to neck. When George asked for further favors, Jane refused; and when he began to insist, she leaped out and ran screaming into the arms of a park policeman, who arrested George on a charge of forcible rape.

As he stood before me, he faced the possibility of 20 years in prison. "Judge," he said, "I'm not claiming to be an angel. But I don't think this is fair. I'm not a stranger to her. She drove with me to that lovers' lane. She let me start making love to her."

I could not help feeling sorry for George, for he found himself labeled a dangerous rapist. Yet he had acted no differently than thousands of other men might have under similar circumstances.

A genuine rapist, of course, is a dangerous individual. He must be rigorously dealt with. But certainly the law must clearly distinguish between conduct which invites sexual liberties and conduct which indignantly repels them.

Even where our sex laws may be basically sound—as in many statutes dealing with assaults upon children—they are often ineffective because they ignore the frailties of human nature when faced by the ponderous and often frightening machinery of our courts.

A tense, white-faced mother came to me one day. By questioning her young daughter, she had discovered to her horror that a neighborhood merchant had been taking liberties with the child in return for candy.

"Judge," she pleaded, "I want to send that man to jail where he belongs. But must my little girl go on the witness stand and tell the whole world what he did to her?"

I had to inform the mother that under the law, her daughter must enter the courtroom, submit to questioning in detail by the district attorney and then by defense counsel, and might also have to confront her attacker in open court.

The mother was at the door almost before I had finished speaking. "No, sir," she said, panic-

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stricken, "I won't let her go through anything like that!"

I told her to consider the harm this man might do to other children, but she was adamant—and I could not find it in my heart to blame her. For myself, I was powerless to do anything but warn the police to keep an eye on the man, when by every right he should have been arrested.

Obviously, we cannot do away with the traditional rule of examination and cross-examination. But surely a case like this could be handled so as not to make a public spectacle of the child. Private hearings in an informal atmosphere, a minimum of appearances, a judge who will prevent attorneys from using harassing tactics—these would go far to make more parents prepared to prosecute, and so help the authorities put teeth in our sex laws.

It is only fair to say that, sometimes, we face an unresolvable dilemma. On the one hand, persons who attack children should be sent to jail. On the other, one hesitates to imprison a man on the uncorroborated word of a child. Difficulties of proof thus make prosecutors and courts more prone to accept bargain pleas to lesser offenses. This means a brief imprisonment for persons who may be potentially sadistic killers.

Even where a man is finally convicted in such cases, the law, because of lack of vision, sometimes fails to give parents the prosecution they want. I recall William, who was recently brought before me, charged with carnal abuse of a child. For years, this man had worked little and drunk much. Himself the father of a child, he had been convicted before of molesting a little girl and had served a prison term.

Yet his wife, with the peculiar loyalty so many women display toward husbands who have abused them, volunteered: "He's really not a bad man, judge. It's only when he's drunk that he does these foolish things."

William was sent to prison for two to five years. As of this writing, his term is drawing to a close. He will have to be released: I am almost certain that he will return to the dissolute life he followed before. Prison cannot change a William: he will always be a menace.

He should be incarcerated for life, if necessary, for his own protection and that of others. Yet the law of most states makes no provision for men like him.

Nor does it adequately provide for those who indecently expose themselves, who annoy women on buses and in public places, or who act as "Peeping Toms." Such men are usually abnormal mentally, and the law should make provision for their care. But the only answer on our books is jail.

WHAT MUST BE DONE about our sex laws?

It seems to me that our most urgent need is for realistic statutes. We need to rewrite our sex laws so that they will be in consonance with our times, our customs, our understanding of public morals. We must revise our concept of rape so that it more nearly corresponds to traditional ideas of the forcible outrage of a woman. We must recognize that our adultery statutes are laughing stocks. Both history and experi-

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ence show that the law simply cannot control voluntary sex relations between adults.

Would it not therefore be more wholesome and honest to recognize the law's limitations in this field, and to leave voluntary sex relations between adults to their sense of morality, and the judgment of relatives, friends and of society itself?

No one should underestimate the power of such sanctions. They can be far more effective than the blunderbuss weapons of the law—particularly in a matter as peculiarly personal as sex behavior.

Let the law, rather, concern itself with that type of sexual behavior which a civilized community simply can't tolerate—behavior which threatens the individual and the community, which constitutes a public outrage, which results in disease and disorder.

I suggest, therefore, that we rewrite our sex laws in line with the following five-point program:

1. The crimes of fornication and adultery should be dropped from the penal law.

2. The age limit of so-called statutory rape cases should be reduced to 16 or even 14 years of age.

3. No rape charge should be admissible when the woman involved is proved to be a prostitute who willingly consented to the act.

4. The sexual-psychopath statutes should provide for the incarceration of dangerous offenders for life, if necessary, or until they are cured of their aberrations.

5. Minor sex offenders, such as exhibitionists and Peeping Toms, should be examined at clinics where their ills may be diagnosed and psychiatric treatment given. In the case of first offenders, they may have supervised liberty under probation officers. Where the overt behavior continues, they should be incarcerated.

I repeat, the present laws are ineffectual. They have failed to work because they fly in the face of human experience. They represent not what is possible, but what moralists and puritans would like to see eliminated from sexual behavior, even though systems of law more severe than our own have been unable to repress them.

The changes I suggest have the merit of concentrating law-enforcement energies on goals that it is possible to achieve. They emphasize dealing with public injury to our standards of decency; they stress protection of our society from dangerous sex offenders. It is in these fields that the major preventive work can—and must—be done.

Bravery

NAPOLEON OFTEN referred to Marshal Ney as the bravest man he had ever known. Yet Ney's knees trembled so badly one morning before battle that he had trouble mounting his horse. Looking

down at them when he finally was in the saddle, he shouted contemptuously: "Shake away, knees! You would shake worse than that if you knew where I am going to take you."

—JOHN A. O'BRIEN (*The Art of Courageous Living*) Declan X. McMullan Co.

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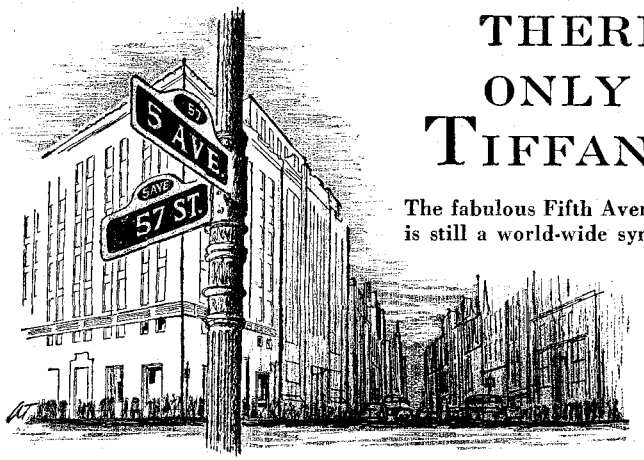

THERE'S ONLY ONE TIFFANY'S

The fabulous Fifth Avenue jewelry firm is still a world-wide symbol for quality

by TOM MAHONEY and MORT WEISINGER

GLOBAL FAME IN business usually results from vast operations, low-priced products and wide advertising, but Tiffany & Company, the venerable New York jewelry firm, has reversed the process. Most of its products are costly, its advertising is small; and, for much of its 115-year history, it didn't even bother to put its name over the door. Yet Tiffany's, by adherence to self-imposed standards, has become a worldwide synonym for quality, integrity and exclusiveness.

The seven-story marble and limestone building at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, in the heart of Manhattan's fashionable shopping district, is a storehouse for twinkling diamonds, rubies, emeralds, platinum, gold and silver—a private palace bulging with some of the most fabulous riches ever collected outside of the Arabian Nights. On display are millions in diamonds and other precious stones, the greatest "ice" show on earth. For aloof or shy customers, there are private elevators and private rooms.

As many surprised persons have learned, the store would sooner lose a customer than waive a rule. For example, laboratory magic recently enabled an industrial company to make star sapphires not only as beautiful as the natural stone but virtually duplicating its composition. An executive proudly took one of these man-made beauties to Tiffany's to be set into a ring.

A clerk received the stone with the reverent respect that all Tiffany clerks bestow on all articles brought to their attention. He took it to a department head, who studied it through a loupe. After a whispered consultation, the clerk returned.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but Tiffany's has a policy of handling only natural gems."

"This stone is worth $600!" protested the executive. "My firm made it and I want a nice setting."

"It's not a question of value," patiently explained the clerk. "We'll set even the lowest-priced

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stone, as long as it's natural. But we don't touch anything synthetic!"

The surprised customer took his man-made sapphire to a rival establishment a few blocks away which was happy to set it in gold and diamonds for $1,250. This cost Tiffany's a profit and a customer, but such standards have enabled the firm in the last 60 years to sell some $500,000,000 worth of jewelry and silverware.

"Tiffany's isn't just a place of business," the head of a neighboring store once remarked. "It's part showplace, part museum, part institution and part legend!"

The store's reputation for integrity extends far beyond Fifth Avenue. There was, for example, the farm girl who turned up an unusual stone while helping her father "chop cotton" near Searcy, Arkansas. She cherished it until she grew up and, in 1946, mailed it to Tiffany's. The stone proved to be a 27.21-carat diamond, the third largest found in North America.

Man or nature somehow had moved the single stone to Searcy from a little-worked diamond mine 140 miles to the southwest. Tiffany's bought the stone. Today it is displayed in the store, not far from the celebrated Tiffany Diamond, as big as a bird's egg.

This is a 128.51-carat yellow gem, the largest and finest canary-colored diamond in the world. It was purchased by Tiffany's soon after being cut from a stone found in South Africa in 1878. It is a showpiece, not for sale.

Tiffany's has enriched the jewelers' vocabulary with the creation of the Tiffany catch and the Tiffany setting. The first is a device for the safe-locking of a brooch. The latter is the almost universally used six-prong setting for engagement rings, created years ago by the firm. It holds and protects a stone, and makes it appear a little larger.

At the Fifth Avenue edifice, you can buy a fine diamond necklace for $243,000. However, if you are not in a hurry, a really exquisite one, with a large emerald that once belonged to Abdul Hamid added, can be put together for $1,250,000. You can spend $100,000 for a matched strand of pearls; $15,000 for a calendar watch in a special jewel-studded case; or $3,000 for a pair of diamond cuff links.

Fortunately for Judy O'Grady, there are less expensive departments. There she can buy a silver thimble for $1.50, a baby spoon for $5, a letter opener of leather for $5.50, of silver for $9.00, or a gold lipstick brush for $17.50. For $33, you can even purchase a champagne swizzle stick of solid gold.

Tiffany executives would sooner commit hara-kiri than reveal the names of their customers, but the identity of many is known. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, queen for many years of New York's Four Hundred, is one. The late Payne Whitney is reputed to have spent $1,000,000 at the store in a single year. And Charles M. Schwab once strolled into the store, wrote a check for $91,000, and left with a 60-carat diamond pendant for his wife.

An industrialist had Tiffany's make for him a solid-gold miniature of an airplane that one of his firms produced. A Texas millionaire ordered a golden model of the oil well which was the source of his fortune. Probably the most ex-

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pensive paperweight of all time is the Tiffany gold replica of the *S.S. Nieuw Amsterdam*, which a shipping magnate purchased to adorn his desk for $5,000.

Scores of noted trophies have come from the Tiffany workrooms, among them the Vanderbilt Cup and the International Polo Cup. Also, over the years, the firm's rare gems have sparkled in the palaces of the rulers of England, the czars of Russia, the kings of Belgium, Italy, Greece, Spain and Denmark.

THE FAMOUS FIRM IS named for Charles Lewis Tiffany, who, at 15, had successfully run his father's country store in Connecticut. In 1837, when Charles was 25, he borrowed $1,000 from his father and came to New York. In partnership with a schoolmate, John D. Young, they rented a shop on lower Broadway and stocked all manner of novel bric-a-brac.

In 1841, Tiffany further united the business by marrying Young's sister. Also in this eventful year, Young made the first of many trips to Europe to buy French and Dresden porcelain, clocks and Parisian jewelry. A third partner, J. L. Ellis, joined the firm, and the store expanded into adjoining quarters.

But not until 1848 did the partners decide to go into precious gems and to manufacture as well as sell gold jewelry. This was a year of revolution in Europe. Prices of diamonds declined 50 percent in Paris, and Tiffany, Young & Ellis, as the firm was then known, bought all that they could, including a necklace once owned by Marie Antoinette.

When gold from California began to arrive in New York next year, Tiffany and his partners had merchandise for which the newly rich were glad to trade their wealth. In 1850, when P. T. Barnum brought Jenny Lind to America, one of the first shops she visited was Tiffany's, where she bought a silver tankard for the captain of the vessel which brought her over.

Young Tiffany had no special training for the jewelry business, but brought to it old-fashioned integrity, energy and courtesy, and a belief that bills should be paid and debts collected promptly. This became store policy. Anybody who doesn't pay Tiffany's is likely to be sued, no matter how high up the social ladder, and the store has obtained judgments against some notable heiresses and playboys.

A jeweled ink-stand for President Lincoln and a fabulous sword for General U. S. Grant were among the Civil War products made by Tiffany's. Then, in 1868, the present firm was incorporated, coincident with the merger of the partnership (from which Ellis and Young had retired) with John C. Moore's Silverware Company.

Tiffany was the first president. Members of his family, courtly, mustached gentlemen of short stature, and members of the Moore family, taller versions of the same, have been running the company ever since.

Louis de Bébian Moore, the reserved, 62-year-old Harvard graduate who has been president since retirement of his father in 1940, is a great-grandson of the original Moore. He has been at Tiffany's just 40 years. Listed in the New York *Social Register* but unmen-

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tioned in *Who's Who in America*, until the latest 1952-53 edition, he pursues the company's traditional anonymity and speaks to the public only through the luster of Tiffany's gems, each of which he personally inspects and approves.

After three locations on lower Broadway, the store moved in 1870 to Union Square and in 1905 to Fifth Avenue and 37th Street. This was near the first Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where John W. "Bet-A-Million" Gates and other Tiffany customers resided. There the firm erected its own seven-story building, modeled after the Palazzo Grimani on the Grand Canal in Venice.

A remarkable feature of this building was the fact that for 30 years, it bore no sign of any kind. Not until 1935 did a modest "Tiffany & Co." appear over the doors. Five years later, the store moved to its present site. In this move, an old whistle that had long sent Tiffany craftsmen to lunch was discarded. But taken along was the old Tiffany clock, supported by a carved wood figure of Atlas, which dates from 1853.

Men outside the Tiffany and Moore families have of course contributed importantly to the success of the store. One of these was Dr. George Frederick Kunz, dean of the world's gem experts. As a New York boy of ten, he collected colored stones from excavations in the area. Educated at Cooper Union, he went to work at 23 as Tiffany's gem expert and continued there until his death 53 years later.

Kunz was the confidant of the elder J. P. Morgan and sold him collection after collection of rare gems. The greatest of these, representing 20 years of searching, is now at the American Museum of Natural History. Kunz could sell Morgan any gem except an opal. The financier was among the superstitious who considered this stone one of ill omen.

Only once did the astute Dr. Kunz nod in identifying gems. Some unusually large rubies arrived in a shipment supposedly from India and he bought them. Later, it was discovered that these were "reconstructed rubies," made by French scientists electrically fusing powdered fragments of natural Burma rubies and adding coloring.

In Tiffany's present scientific laboratory, the most elaborate of any store, every important stone is photographically tested and "fingerprinted." In most cases, the instruments merely confirm the judgment of the store's senior officers. Tiffany men—there are very few women—can identify almost any stone at a glance and also say from what part of the world it came.

The staff includes many specialists. A dozen designers are on hand to sketch quickly the possible settings for a customer's gem or to show visually how an old piece can be modernized. Two women devote nearly all their time to stringing pearls.

Women who don't want their pearls out of their sight make appointments and watch the job done in private rooms. The cost is according to the length of the strand. Some million-dollar necklaces have been in and out of Tiffany's. The store, of course, will have nothing to do with artificial pearls or even with cultured pearls.

The durability of Tiffany's ex-

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tends to its 700 employees. Almost half the 400 working in the Fifth Avenue store are members of the firm's 25-year Club. Old-timers are also numerous among some 250 Tiffany employees in Newark, N. J., manufacturing silverware, leathergoods, boxes and stationery. Only rarely has the firm's faith in its employees been betrayed.

Once, from an inside caged-off enclosure on the repair and manufacturing floor, three pear-shaped diamonds, valued at $80,000, disappeared and were never located. These stones, cut from the famed Excelsior Diamond, once the largest in the world, were Tiffany's most spectacular loss.

More recently, a Tiffany man was victimized by one of the oldest swindles in the confidence man's book. An attractive blonde entered the store and, with bored nonchalance, said her fiancé had asked her to select some rings. She chose two, valued at $6,300, then told the clerk she would like her mother's approval before buying. Demurely she asked that the rings be sent to her Riverside Drive apartment.

When the clerk arrived, she took the kid-covered box and walked through a door, calling, "Mother, the Tiffany man is here with the rings." When she failed to reappear after 15 minutes, the clerk knocked on the door, got no answer and turned the knob. The door was another exit into the hall. Tiffany's has never been able to find the blonde beauty or the rings again.

Today, as always, Tiffany's is jealous of its dignity. In self-protection, the firm obtained a permanent injunction against a motion-picture company which adopted the name Tiffany, used a sparkling diamond as an emblem, and referred to its productions as gems and pearls. Many proposals that movie scenes be filmed in the elegant Fifth Avenue quarters have been firmly declined. Suggestions, many from its own customers, that it open branches or let other stores sell its goods, have been politely rejected.

But at least once, the dignity of Tiffany's was hilariously assaulted. Harpo Marx, inveterate Hollywood prankster, stuffed his pockets with five-and-dime-store jewelry and strolled into Tiffany's. He toured the wide aisles, then headed for an exit with a deliberate furtiveness which attracted attention. Near a revolving door, he tripped himself into a headlong fall that hurled the cheap jewelry in all directions.

Horrified guards pounced on him. Some held him firmly while others scrambled for the "loot." Then clerks took one look at the trinkets, and Harpo was speedily shooed out.

But Tiffany's regained its aplomb even in this. Five years later, having forgotten his prank, Harpo went into Tiffany's on a legitimate errand. As he entered, one of the guards recognized him and said: "No tricks this time, Mr. Marx!"

Small Wisdom

A LITTLE GIRL, wiser than she knew, defined foreigners as "Friends with whom you are not yet acquainted." —*K. V. P. Philosopher*

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Marital Affairs

GRANDMOTHER, discussing her forthcoming wedding anniversary with her married daughter, remarked, "I'll bet you can't tell me how long your father and I have been married."

Before she had a chance to answer, her five-year-old exclaimed, "I can, grandma. You've been married to grandpa for 40 years."

"Why, how do you know?" the astonished old lady asked.

The child replied quite seriously, "Why I've heard grandpa say over and over, 'I've put up with this for 40 years'." —MRS. C. W. CARSON

AN ECONOMICAL wife will do without everything you need.

—Bob Hawk Show

"SOMETIMES I yearn for the peace and comfort of married life," mused the bachelor. To which his married friend replied with a wistful smile: "I *always* do." *— The Re-Saw*

WHEN A CERTAIN convivial gentleman suddenly stopped drinking, a friend remarked, "I've often wondered what caused you to take the pledge so precipitately."

"I'll tell you," replied the gentleman. "Do you remember last Christmas Eve when my mother-in-law came to visit us?"

"Yes."

"Well, when I opened the door I saw three of her." —FRANCES RODMAN

"ARE YOU SURE your wife knows I'm coming home with you for dinner?" asked the prospective guest with some hesitation.

"Of course," said the husband reassuringly. "We had a terrible row about it this morning."

—Cape Argus

A WIFE WHO belittles her husband never gets any place—because *he* doesn't. —STEPHEN MICHAELS

"HOW WOULD your wife carry on if you should die tomorrow?" asked the insurance salesman of the rural prospect.

"I don't reckon that would be any concern of mine—so long as she behaves herself while I'm still alive," was the practical reply.

—Wall Street Journal

"LOOK AT THESE bills!" the harassed husband cried. "Millinery, dresses, jewelry, perfume, cosmetics!"

"Dear me!" his wife exclaimed. "You said it!" —JEROME SAXON

AN OLD FARMER was telling his cronies in the village store about a family argument the night before. His wife, it seemed, had been reading about a tribe of savages who bought their wives for $1.30, which she considered pretty outrageous. "Oh, I don't know," the farmer had remarked. "A good-looking

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wife is worth $1.30." Which made her furious.

"How did you gentle her down?" a listener inquired.

" 'Twasn't easy," the farmer replied. "I finally had to admit a woman didn't have to be so blame good looking to be worth $1.30."

"I ALWAYS encourage my husband to relax when he comes home," said Mrs. Warren. "I insist that he recline in an easy chair and put his feet up on the table."

"And what does that get you?" demanded the skeptical neighbor.

Mrs. Warren laughed. "A lot of loose change in the easy chair."

—ANDREW MEREDITH

HE WAS UNDERSIZED, meek, diffident, subdued, and he had applied for a job as night watchman.

"The fact is," said the works manager, eyeing him dubiously, "that we want someone who is restless and uneasy, especially at night. Someone who sleeps with one eye open. Someone with remarkable hearing who starts at the slightest sound. Someone who is always listening, thinking there are bad characters around. We want a large, aggressive, intrepid and dangerous person. In short, the kind of person who, when roused, is a fiend."

"All right," said the little man as he walked away, "I'll send the wife around." —*Tit-Bits*

THE HENPECKED husband had just about reached the end of his rope and decided it was time he asserted his manhood.

"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," he told his wife, "and I don't object to sweeping, dusting or mopping the floors, but I'll be blowed if I'm going to run ribbons through my nightshirt just to fool the baby." —CARL STANLEY

MANY WOMEN discover that it is sometimes just as hard to find a husband after marriage as before.

—*Rotary Revolutions*

THE MAN OF THE hour is the one whose wife told him to wait just a minute. —*General Features Corp.*

THERE WAS ONCE a Great King, who devised a test by which he might know whom of three maidens he should marry. To each maiden he gave a handful of sapphires.

The first said: "This is very kind of you. Many thanks."

The second said: "This is too sweet of you. And if I only had a few diamonds to put with them, they'd make a lovely necklace."

The third sadly and gently put the precious stones from her. "I do not need such things," she said in a soft and ecstatic purr. "All that I ask of life is love."

So the King, who knew enough to come in when it rained, married the first of the three.

Moral: In a life partner, affectation is almost as undesirable as greediness. —BARRY PAIN

A MARRIAGE IS a success when they live happily even after.

—MARIE COWAN

WHERE THERE'S smoke there's a bride cooking. —*Gas Flame, Indianapolis*

THE ONE WORD above all others that makes marriage successful is "Ours." —ROBERT QUILLEN

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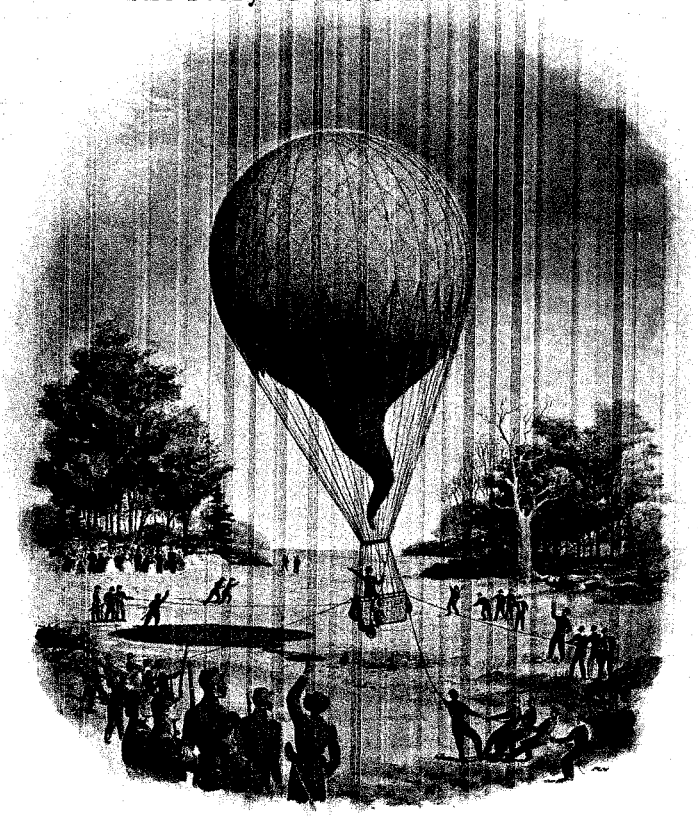
THEY GUARD OUR SKY:

The Story of the U.S. Air Force



ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS AND MORGAN HENNINGER

"LOOK!" SHOUTED THE BOY. Strollers followed his gaze: far overhead, a balloon hung in the sky. Once more, aeronaut T.S.C. Lowe was being borne skyward. Full-dress demonstrations in the nation's capital had proved the feasibility of a daring scheme. Now noting the positions of Confederate encampments in Virginia, he tapped out a message on a telegraph key. Soon the "Boom, boom!" of cannon sounded on the Potomac. It was September 24, 1861. Pioneers of the air would carry the great adventure from balloons to jets that outraced the speed of sound. In the end, they would weld the U. S. Air Force into a mighty and formidable keeper of the peace.

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CAREFULLY the Secretary of War read the magazine article. It told of a new flying machine and its inventors, Orville and Wilbur Wright. Once more the Secretary noted the single word—"Investigate"—scrawled in the margin by President Theodore Roosevelt. Then he sent for his Chief of Ordnance. Within weeks, an Aeronautical Division was set up within the Army Signal Corps: one officer, two enlisted men—but no planes. The quest for a usable craft began. The Army's chief stipulation was that it "be so constructed that it permit an intelligent man to become proficient in its use." On a sunny September afternoon in 1908, Orville Wright climbed into a sprawling, wired contraption and waved his arm. The engine spluttered, then roared. Moments later, while Army dignitaries gasped, it was aloft. Next day, Wright flew again. High-ranking officers talked excitedly about the military potential of the airplane. "It will revolutionize communications!" one said. But on the 17th, tragedy struck. As the machine left the ground, a propeller blade snapped. For a moment it wavered as Wright fought for control. Then, with a splintering crash, the test plane tore into the earth. Horrified spectators raced for the wreck. Wright, though injured, was alive. But his passenger, Lieut. Thomas Selfridge, was beyond help. He became the first of many officers to give his life in pursuit of the Air Age. Less than a year later, Orville Wright raced a new plane through the skies at 42 miles an hour. Contracts were signed. The U. S. owned the first military airplane in its history.

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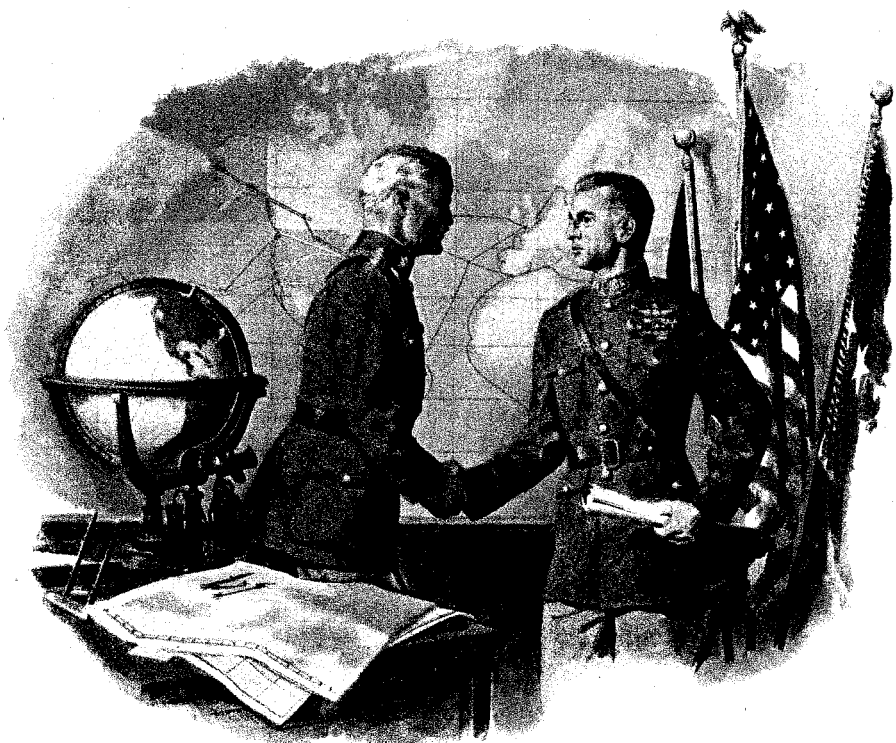
BILLY MITCHELL, an Army officer, had watched Wright's demonstrations. He had seen the Army's fledgling air arm launch "live" operations during the punitive expedition to Mexico, commanded by Brig. Gen. John J. Pershing. And it all reinforced his urgent belief: aircraft would revolutionize warfare. Mitchell predicted that air armadas would someday drop thousands of fighting paratroopers; he said a big bomber could sink a battleship. This was the man that Pershing sent for two months after Congress declared war with Germany in 1917. "Mitchell," Black Jack said firmly, "I am appointing you Aviation Officer of the American Expeditionary Force." By early 1918, the 103rd Pursuit Group lifted their "bird cages" and "box kites" into action. Toward sunset on April 14th, American pilots spotted two German Fokkers and dived into battle. When the dogfight ended, U. S. eagles could claim their first victories. Deeper and deeper they struck, blasting munitions, strafing troops. More than 450 enemy planes fell to their blazing guns. Many pilots never returned from these lonely dawn patrols, but those that did chalked up an awesome record. With the Armistice, the tally was posted, and names like Rickenbacker and Luke were added to the roster of American heroes.



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WORLD WAR I settled many lingering doubts about the vast potential of air power. Now was the time for improvement and expansion: Billy Mitchell proved a point by sinking four test battleships from the air; a hardy band of airmen circled the globe in an elapsed time of 175 days. Meanwhile, the Air Corps grew. From 10,000 strong in 1920, it mushroomed to ten times that size in 1940. Then, with one blow, our enemies proved that they, too, had properly evaluated the plane as a weapon of war. The sun was just rising over Hawaii that Sunday morning when Japanese planes flashed across the sky, their targets: Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field. With frightful accuracy, their bombs fell on moored battleships and parked planes. A pall of smoke rose over Honolulu. The dead and dying lay everywhere. When the sun set on December 7, 1941, the U. S. knew it had suffered a staggering defeat. And as the days passed into weeks, shock and depression still hung like a shadow over the nation. Then, on an April evening in 1942, a jumbled Japanese radio story was rebroadcast: Yank bombers, it said, had struck the Japanese home island of Honshu! It sounded fantastic: where would the planes come from—we had no bases

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within range of Japan. But it was true! Lt. Col. Jimmy Doolittle had led 16 B-25s off the crowded decks of the U.S.S. *Hornet* and hit the enemy where it hurt most. For almost a month, he and his volunteer air crews had practiced short take-offs. Then, planes and men were taken aboard the *Hornet* and the carrier sailed on her historic mission. The plan was to wait until the vessel was only 500 miles from Japan. But unexpectedly, an enemy trawler appeared on the horizon. It was quickly sunk, but now Doolittle had to make an immediate decision: if the trawler had radioed the carrier's position, the fliers' only hope of surprise would be irretrievably lost. The squawk-box alerted all crews. The sound of roaring engines swept the decks. They were off and soon swinging over Tokyo, Kobe and Nagoya. To the terrified Japanese, lulled into the belief that their home islands were invulnerable, it seemed that the avenging Americans were swooping right into their windows. In panic, they ran through the streets. Buildings went up in smoke and flame. The Japanese had been given a terrible lesson. Back home, the American public was heartened for the long fight ahead. And both sides now knew that the tide was inexorably turning.

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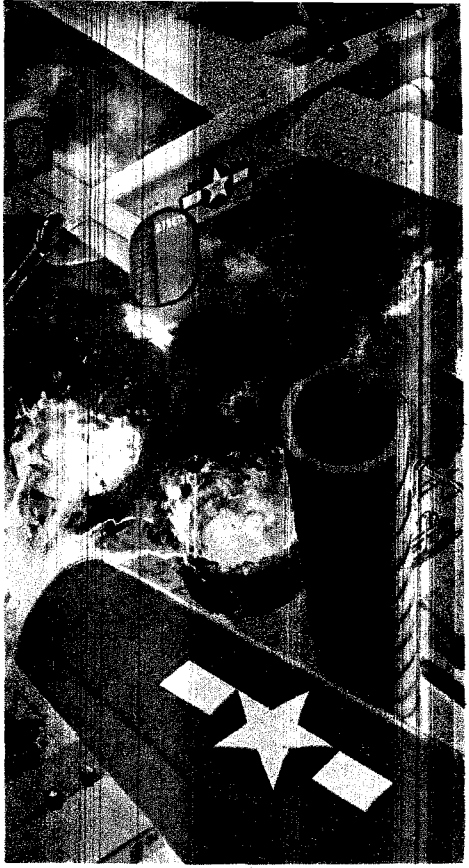

AIRMEN WILL NEVER FORGET the raid on Ploesti. Bremen, Schweinfurt—these were targets that exacted a ghastly toll, but the President gave five Congressional Medals for Ploesti—three of them to next-of-kin. Five groups hit the Rumanian oil center at low level on August 1, 1943. They ran into a curtain of ack-ack. German fighters added fury to the fiery scene. Flame reached as high as the bombers. But when the raid was over, a mass of rubble was what remained of the *Luftwaffe's* main oil supply.

NORMANDY WAS DIFFERENT: after the first few days, there wasn't a Nazi in the sky, and those on the ground were strafed from dawn to dawn. On D-day, GI's were covered with an umbrella of Thunderbolts and Lightnings. By D-plus 10, they knew without looking up that the plane overhead was theirs. From Calais to Bordeaux, no German soldier or battery or dump was safe from blazing sky cannon. That's how it had to be, the Generals had said, if we were to hold the beaches. And that's how it was.

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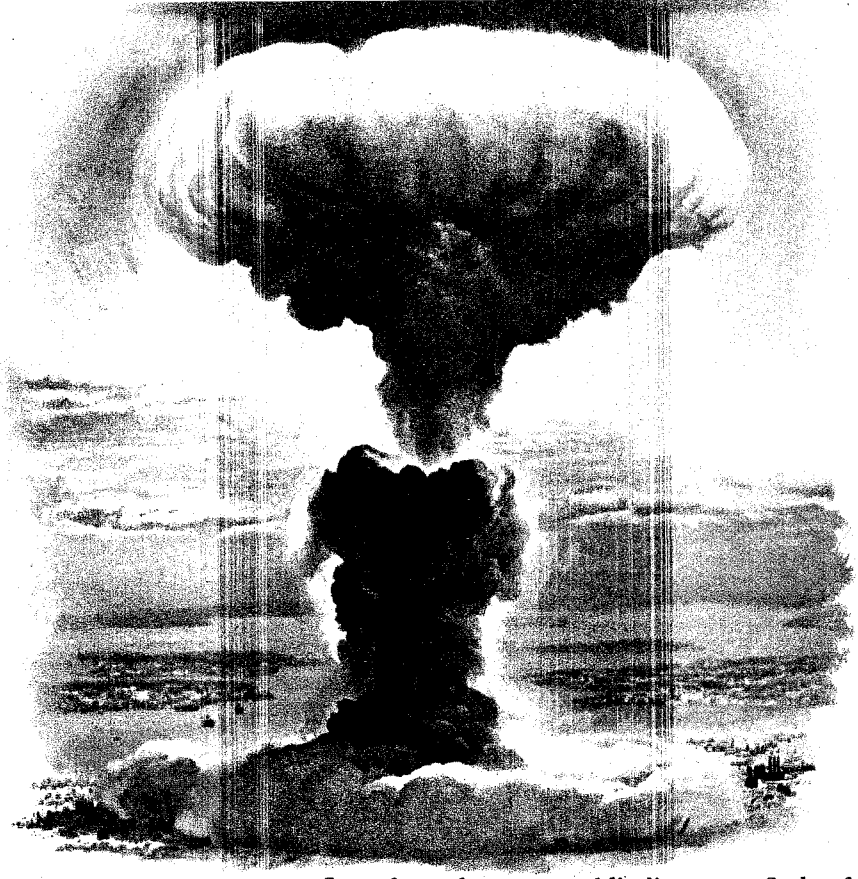

NORTH BY NORTHWEST flew the B-29, the rising sun under its right wing. Soon, the Japanese islands were below, but the *Enola Gay* flew on. It had a special target, this morning of August 6, 1945. Once more the bombardier glanced into the bomb bay and noted the single, odd-shaped projectile secured there. Then they were over the city. The *Enola Gay* banked sharply for the target run. "Bomb away!" the bombardier shouted, and the *Enola Gay* turned south. For a long moment, nothing happened. Then suddenly, there was a blinding superflash of light. To a man, the crew of the *Enola Gay* gazed wordlessly at the awesome spectacle. At 10:45 A.M., U.S. time, President Truman reported to the nation: "Sixteen hours ago an American airplane dropped one bomb on Hiroshima . . . That bomb had more power than 20,000 tons of TNT. . . We have spent $2,000,000,000 on the greatest scientific gamble in history—and won." Twenty-seven days after the first A-bomb devastated Hiroshima, World War II was over.

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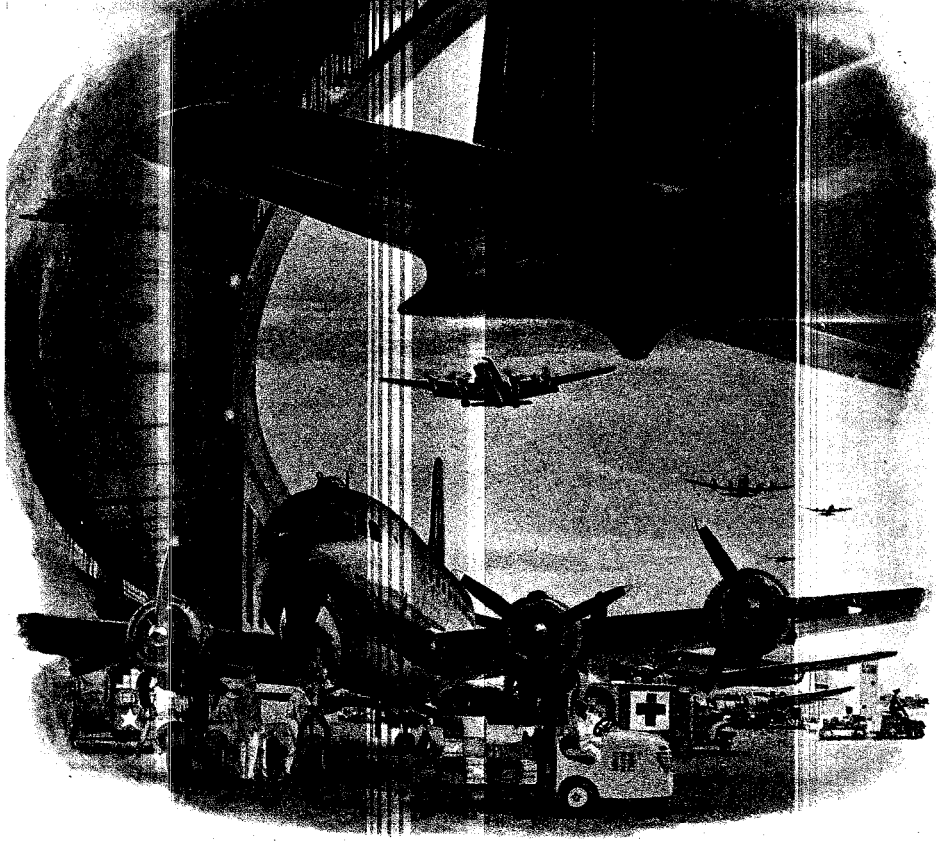

THE WAR ENDED, but the Air Force went on experimenting: jets came off the testing grounds at Muroc; supersonic planes roared through the skies. Then the Cold War began. In beleaguered Berlin, civilians and soldiers waited tensely for the American decision: would we surrender to the Russian blockade—or would there be war? The Air Force had another answer. Early on June 26, 1948, Red lookouts reported a flight of American C-47s approaching West Berlin. By nightfall, the Communists knew that the flying freighters would remain a familiar sight as long as the blockade lasted. "Operation Vittles," the greatest air lift in history, was under way. It took almost a year before the Russians were convinced that the U. S. Air Force had proved the futility of their scheme. Fliers went down and cargoes were lost. But the people of Berlin were fed—and the Reds were beaten. In frustration and chagrin, they opened the gates of the city. America's fliers and planes had shown that air power can be a mighty power for peace.

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You'll Never Get the Most Out of Life Until You . . .

Put Your Emotions to Work

by DOROTHY C. FINKELOR

OFTEN WE ARE afraid to look at ourselves because we fear we will see things that we have been taught not to tolerate in so-called "good people."

These "good people" do not have tempers, are not selfish, don't get angry, don't have fears, are not dependent, not conceited, not jealous, and so forth. But also—*they simply do not exist!*

To fail, to strive in vain, to be weak, to be selfish, to be dependent, all of these are just as much a natural part of everyone as the "nobler" facets of human nature. Hence, we must throw off the guilt we bear for possessing them. We have to accept ourselves as having these characteristics, because they are common to all people. Once we have admitted this fact, we can begin to think in terms of "What can I do with the diverse components of my personality to make me a happier person?"

A common "fault" is giving way to temper. The degree to which we explode rarely has anything to do with the seriousness of the event which caused the explosion. It has to do with the particular way some facet of our personality was touched by the event.

Take the case of the able industrial engineer who had a reputation for displaying violent temper when anything went wrong in the office. He had been advised many times to hire an office manager, but he felt that he, an efficiency expert, should be able to run his own office. He didn't realize that no one can be all things to all people, as he expected himself to be in his business.

His sense of guilt was stirred every time office routine was disrupted, and therefore he blew up. If the engineer could get rid of his feeling that he must be superior in everything, he would not lose his temper in order to cover up a feeling of inadequacy. Then he could devote the emotional energy he saved to solving his office problems.

We all know people who are always arguing with bus drivers, flinging themselves out of department stores in a huff, refusing to patronize a certain grocery store because they had to stand in line for just *one* item. They usually mutter something like, "That driver can't tell *me* where to stand!" or "I guess you

From *How to Make Your Emotions Work for You*, by Dorothy C. Finkelor. Copyright, 1952, by the author, and published by Pellegrini & Cudahy, 41 E. 50th St., New York 22, N. Y.

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have to wear a mink coat to get any service in this store!"

The woman who acts like this feels that the bus driver or sales clerk undervalues her, doesn't think she's as good as the next person. Actually, she takes as an insult an incident that was completely impersonal.

If the bus driver yelled at her to move back, it's because people tend to crowd to the front of a bus. Or if a salesgirl waited on another person first, it's probably because she did not know who was standing at the counter the longest.

The Constant Critic

One of the most frequent items on a list of qualities that men don't like in women, and vice versa, is "She (or he) is always criticizing." Marriages have been broken up and friends have become enemies, because of uncontrolled and indiscriminate criticizing.

Unfortunately, criticism is seldom made just to improve, though it be given with the statement: "Now remember, this is for your own good." The thing that we criticize is rarely important, but the act of criticizing is, in the case of the person who criticizes constantly. Why does he do it, and what factors in himself is he unconsciously expressing?

One of the most fertile atmospheres for criticism is the ladies' bridge club, to which many a woman has gone to save herself from being one of the absentees who will be thoroughly gone over during the afternoon. Depend upon it, the woman who will be criticized excels in some way.

If she is the best-dressed woman in her set, she will be criticized for spending too much money. If she should happen to make her own clothes, she will be criticized for taking time away from her children. If she is the best housekeeper, she will be criticized for not reading enough or not taking enough interest in civic affairs.

Why does this happen? We all need to feel important in some way, and there are two ways to do it. One is to excel, the other is to tear down someone who does excel. When the women at the bridge club think in terms of what they do well, and value properly their particular achievements, they do not need to express dissatisfaction with themselves by tearing down someone else.

Criticism between husbands and wives manifests itself in many ways. For instance, a husband may criticize the way his wife looks, because he has in mind how an executive's wife should look. However, he has never become the executive he wanted to become, so the bitterness which he expends on his wife's appearance has little to do with how she looks, but is really a reflection of his own sense of failure.

What Is Selfishness?

We have always been taught that to be unselfish is to be noble, but the truth is that all human beings are essentially selfish. This does not mean that we go around snatching candy from babies or kicking beggars from our doors. It means, however, that no one does anything unless in the doing, he receives more satisfaction than pain.

What has this got to do with knowing ourselves? A great deal. Unselfishness is a good quality, but often it causes pain and unhappiness.

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Consider the mother who submerges herself in her child. When he is a baby, she denies herself the pleasure of going out so she can make all his little suits by hand. She foregoes new clothes later so that the boy can go to private schools and take music lessons.

Everybody in the neighborhood considers her a model of noble motherhood. She says she wants no reward for what she is doing—it is enough that her boy has the best. But around the house is frequently heard, "Please, dear, do this one little thing for Mother. After all, is it so much to ask?"

When the boy grows up, she plans for him to become a lawyer. She has scrimped and saved to manage this. If the boy should show signs of wanting to go into business instead, the mother is heard saying: "Please, dear, don't be difficult. It's for your own good. And it would make me so happy!"

So the boy goes off to college, and in his second year of law school suddenly kicks over the traces, leaves school, gets married and goes to work selling brushes. The mother's cry is heard, "How could he *do* this to me! After all I've done for him!" The neighbors echo the same cry. And the boy himself is torn with feelings of guilt because of his defection.

But what really happened? Was the mother unselfish? In a way, yes. She was giving up an inordinate amount in order to do for her son the things that she thought would make him happy. But for every movie she missed, for every piece of clothing she denied herself, she was receiving in return full measure of satisfaction from the thought that she was benefiting her son. And subconsciously, she was fulfilling a need to bind her son tightly to her by making him indebted to her for the sacrifices.

Can You Fail Successfully?

"Everybody makes mistakes." This statement is intoned in a kindly voice by almost every adult. But though we say out loud that we are susceptible to errors, many of us in the back of our minds really think we don't make mistakes. In short, we cannot take the consequences of being wrong. And because we are afraid to be wrong, when we make a mistake we are thrown by it.

A man I know is a secretary in a sales office, and has been so for 14 years. He wants to be a salesman, and has often been told that he has the personality and drive to make a good one. Many opportunities for sales work have arisen, been considered, and passed over, because even though his desire to be a salesman is strong, his fear of failing is stronger.

Security is not a factor, for he has money saved and, were he not successful as a salesman, he could easily get another job like the one he now holds. It's just that he is afraid to fail.

What causes us to fear the consequences of failure so much that we forego the chances of success and happiness? The causes are many. In the case of the man just mentioned, it was a deep sense of inadequacy. Or it may result from a repeated unhappy experience.

This was the case with a girl who, though she wanted to be married, was afraid to let herself fall in love because twice before, when she had

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fallen in love, she had been hurt.

We must examine ourselves to see if we are passing up opportunities for happiness because we are afraid of failure. Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "All life is an experiment. What if you do fail, and get fairly rolled in the dirt once or twice? Up again, you shall never be so afraid of a tumble."

The Case Against Pride

Stubborn pride has been the stumbling block of many a person in search of happiness. There are many third-rate doctors, dentists, lawyers and journalists barely scraping a living who, because of ability and temperament, would be much more successful a little lower down in the so-called "social order."

Our cities are full of young people fresh from college, out of a job because their pride will not permit a person of their training to take less acceptable work. I know a man who took a master's degree in philosophy and then decided to become a social worker. He is not a good social worker, not because he lacks intelligence but because he simply lacks insight about people.

Aptitude and interest tests have shown that he would make an excellent business manager, but when the subject is broached, he says: "How would it look for a man with my education and training to work in a store!"

How About Enthusiasm?

One of the chief blocks to happiness is revealed by the question—how much do you want to do things? In other words, how enthusiastic are you?

Enthusiasm makes leaders. Dale Carnegie quotes Charles Schwab, one of the few men ever paid a salary of a million dollars, as saying: "I consider my ability to arouse enthusiasm among the men the greatest asset I possess."

Of course, enthusiasm is not always enough. It must be supported by ability, stick-to-it-iveness and a sense of responsibility.

I know a man who has always wanted to teach. He is brilliant, intelligent and perceptive, and has the qualities that would make him an excellent person to deal with young people. However, he owns a grocery store from which he makes a skimpy living. It would have been difficult for him to get the education necessary to teach in college, but not impossible, because he could have gone to school at night.

He was not afraid of failing as a teacher, because he was confident that he would make a good one. The reason that he is an unhappy grocer is that he lacked the necessary enthusiasm to do what he wanted to do.

All of us are strongly affected by enthusiasm. A girl came into my office for job placement; her record was excellent but her attitude was one of "I guess it would be nice to have such-and-such job, but anything will be all right."

This statement, delivered in a flat voice, did not inspire me, and, though I knew she could qualify for a good job, it was difficult for me to work up the enthusiasm to sell her skill to a prospective employer. But next day, when a girl came in with stars in her eyes, saying, "*That's* what I really want!" I did everything in my power to get her the job she wanted.

The Dangers of Immaturity

A warped sense of independence

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can cause as much trouble as a warped sense of dependence. The adjectives usually applied to such cases are "bull-headed" and "stubborn."

For instance, a man driving in an unfamiliar part of his city has a foggy notion of where his destination lies, but rather than ask a policeman the right direction, he keeps on driving and hopes he is going the right way. If it turns out that he has made a mistake, he still doesn't ask, but stubbornly independent, figures out which way he should be going and laboriously starts over again.

Another instance is the woman who goes shopping in a department store and, instead of asking the information clerk where the item she wants may be found, independently goes from department to department looking for it. She uses up physical energy in walking and even more emotional energy in being annoyed, because she thinks the store is so poorly laid out that she can't find what she wants.

None of us is "sufficient unto himself." We of necessity depend on others for many things—if not material, then emotional. Others depend on us. In short, we must be willing to accept the state of *interaependence* in which we all live.

One of the best examples of the happiness that an acceptance of interdependence can bring is the good marriage. Leonard Lyons tells how Albert Einstein once had to make a visit of some duration away from home. When he arrived at his destination, he handed his hostess a letter. It was from Mrs. Einstein, requesting that the hostess provide certain things for him, because he was likely to neglect to ask for them himself and they were important for his comfort and well-being.

Did this detract from his character in any way? Of course not. Mrs. Einstein knew her husband well enough to realize that, involved as he was in his work, he often neglected himself. So she took it upon herself to see that he was provided with these things. Einstein wisely accepted this dependent relationship, understanding that it made his life a better one.

Do You Worry Through or About?

What happens when we are confronted with a problem? The worrier uses all his emotional energy to fret and fuss about the problem, with the result that it doesn't get solved unless circumstances change. The non-worrier, the mature person, lets no more emotional energy go down the worry drain than he can help. He thinks through his problem and attempts to see what can and can't be done about it. What he can't do anything about, he forgets, or, if that is not possible, he accepts it and lives with it.

Consider the man who has a family to support, who is on a fixed salary, and who is faced with how to get along in an inflated economy. What does the non-worrier do? First of all, he tries to get a raise in salary. If that doesn't work, he investigates the possibilities for securing a better-paying position. If he cannot do either of these, he attempts to find some way to supplement his income by doing extra work outside his job.

If nothing can be done, he will just pull in his belt a notch and live with it. Perhaps a solution will turn up later. In any case, he does

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not waste energy in worrying.

What does the worrier do? He tosses and turns all night, and jeopardizes his economic security even further by being asleep on the job next day. He spends time that he could use for extra work in standing by the corner drug store and complaining to his friends. His energies are devoted to worrying instead of to solving his problem and, therefore, there is no chance that his problem will be solved unless circumstances change.

The Key to Happiness

The human characteristics which I have discussed so far merely scratch the surface of what we have to look for in knowing ourselves. There are many more questions we could ask. For instance, how easily do we get depressed? How much of our emotional energies does "feeling blue" steal from us? How much confusion and misery do we stand for without doing something about it? Do we let our chronological age make us feel old?

Are we unusually ambitious? If so, are we permitting ambition to overshadow other important factors in building a happy life, such as kindliness and patience? Is jealousy the thing that determines what we do? How much emotional energy do we use up in being fearful—of the unknown, of responsibility, of life, of death?

What are our prejudices? Have we let them stop us from enjoying lots of things in life? Do we spend time and energy rebelling against the inevitable—our family background, our physical appearance? Are we introvert or extrovert—do we tend to be withdrawn and inward or are we outgoing and group-seeking? If we are either, do we wish we were the other?

These questions and many others we must ask ourselves. Each person knows best which factors to seek for in himself.

If human beings are capable of being happy, and I believe they are, then the knowledge and acceptance of one's self is a key to that happiness. The reasons for this statement are not hard to see. If we know ourselves, then we remove one of the great causes for unhappiness—being shocked, surprised and guilty about our responses to situations where our emotions are involved. We have to fight one battle instead of two—we have to fight only our problems, instead of fighting our problems *and* ourselves.

Do our problems disappear? Of course not. But if we know and accept ourselves, our problems don't throw us. We look at life not as a succession of problems, but as a succession of full and rich experiences, the enjoyment of which cannot be blocked by difficulties.

Then no longer are we at the mercy of our emotions, because we can say: "I know myself—and I accept myself. In this I am secure!"

Expert Economy

AMERICAN housewives, every so often, take over the running of our economic system—and they do a very good job of it by simply saying, "I'll be darned if I'll pay that much." —*Advertising Age*

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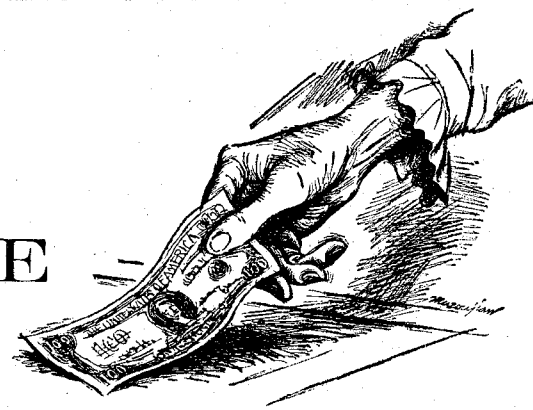
THE GOOD PEOPLE



by KATE SMITH

WHENEVER I HEAR stories like that of Mrs. Elizabeth Antonovsky, I realize again that the world is filled with good people. She was a small, frail woman, and the hardships of her 77 years left thin lines on her lovely face. One day last year, she entered New York's Department of Hospitals to settle a debt of honor.

"I would like to pay a bill," she told the cashier. "My husband died at your hospital in 1948, and no one sent a bill. We never had much, Alexis and I, but we never owed. And I do not want to owe now."

No, they never owed, but they had paid heavily for the little happiness they had. In 1923, they fled the Bolshevik terror in Russia. After that, Alexis's illness made saving difficult. Even so, they managed.

Alone, the widow Antonovsky managed, too. From her small pension and what little Alexis left her, she saved $100. When she took it to the hospital department, it was clutched in her hand in one bill.

"There were so many little bills that I went to the bank today and put it all into one, so the good people here would not have to trouble to count it. I don't want to bother anyone."

But they would not take her money. Records were checked, and it was learned that Alexis's bill had already been paid by state funds. Mrs. Antonovsky was puzzled; it was difficult to believe that strangers were willing to pay her debts.

"Take the money, anyway," she insisted. "It is for the hospital." And so the money she had saved over the years went to help other needy patients.

Back home, Mrs. Antonovsky murmured to herself: "I am in a furnished room, but by day I have the sun and at night a beautiful moon. And in this country, such good and nice people are living."

Yes, and Mrs. Antonovsky is one of them.

Kate Smith stars on the "Kate Smith Hour," NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday; and on the "Kate Smith Show," NBC radio network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her programs is producer-host Ted Collins.

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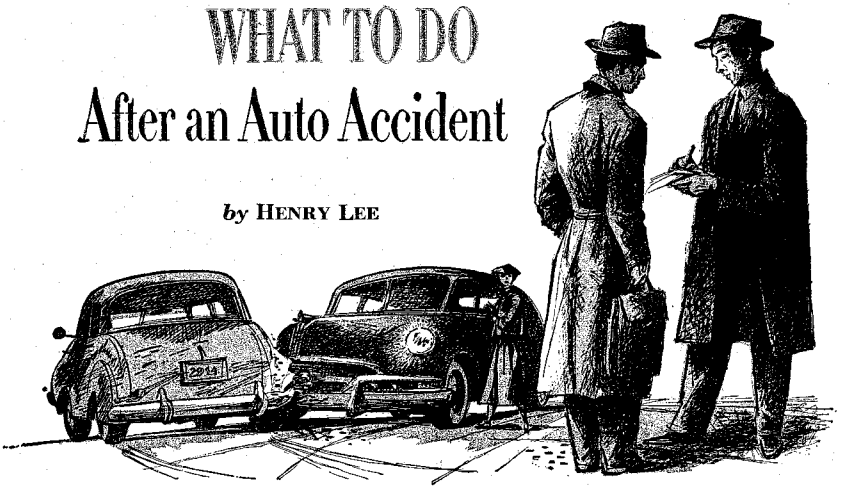
WHAT TO DO After an Auto Accident

by HENRY LEE



With know-how and a cool head, you can foil the racketeers in human misery

IF YOU OWN or drive a car, the chances are uncomfortably high that you will be involved in an accident. Today, more and more people are driving more miles in more autos than ever before—with inescapable results.

Last year's death toll of 35,000 was an 11 per cent increase over 1949, and injuries totaled 1,200,000, up 100,000 from the previous year. In property damage and destruction, the accident bill jumped to the impressive figure of $1,250,000,000.

In addition to pain and tragedy, these formidably spiraling statistics represent litigation and perhaps bankruptcy to the defending motorists. So here's a valuable tip from negligence lawyers and insurance adjusters. What *you* do within the first few minutes after an accident is critically important. It will probably decide whether you can escape unnecessary expense and a costly lawsuit.

In case of accident, however minor, there are three simple *Do's* and *Don'ts* to remember, and three wreck-chasing ghouls to avoid. Even though you may not be at fault in the first place, it won't help much if you ignore this advice.

The *Do's:*

1. *Get the names of ALL witnesses at the scene, whether they actually saw the crash or not.*

Recently a Midwest motorist was startled to learn that the other driver in a minor crash was suing on the basis of assertedly severe head injuries, claiming that he had been knocked unconscious.

"I was *talking* to him right afterward," the defendant protested to his lawyer. "An out-of-state driver came along and saw us talking together. His name? He didn't see the

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accident, he said, so I didn't bother to take it."

Through the motorist's oversight, the whole case thus boiled down to one driver's word against the other's. Rather than gamble on a jury's reaction, the defense found it necessary to make a heavy out-of-court settlement.

2. *Observe minutely all the details of the crash scene, however trivial they may seem.*

It is advisable to keep copies of your state accident-report form in the glove compartment at all times. But collect much more detail, too. If you have a camera handy, take pictures of positions and apparent damage. Or sketch any unusual or temporary features at the scene. Perhaps a parked truck forced the other driver to swing wide. Or there may have been road construction under way and warning signs posted. Without your cooperation, the shrewdest investigator can't reconstruct such data during a later examination of the scene.

"When the case is a tossup," a veteran lawyer observes, "it usually goes to the side which can build up the clearest, most convincing picture through detail."

3. *Report any injury immediately to the police, whether it is sustained in your car or the second car. Follow up with a written report to state authorities, even if there are no injuries. Report to your insurance company.*

More than once, where motorists have neglected to report injuries, blackmail schemes have subsequently been worked on them. "Flop artists," who can simulate injury convincingly enough to fool doctors, prey on the gullible. Once a driver falls into their clutches, he is bled white for "medical" payments for nonexistent ailments, until he finally reports either to the police or his insurance company.

An immediate report, however, means protection for the autoist—and is the last thing the professional accident-faker wants. Usually, he is well known by name and type of injury on a cross-index maintained by the insurance companies, and since he can't stand investigation, he quietly fades away.

Additionally, your state Motor Vehicle Department may suspend your license unless you file accident reports within a stipulated period, ranging from 24 hours to five or ten days, depending on the state.

Now let's consider the Don'ts:

1. *Don't sign anything! Merely identify yourself to the other driver and answer only the questions put to you by a law-enforcement officer.*

In one recent negligence suit, the plaintiff seemingly had no grounds for action, and the defendant's counsel was puzzled that litigation had even started. Then, unexpectedly, the plaintiff's lawyer demanded that a confidential report from the defendant to his insurance company be placed in evidence. In it, in answer to the question, "*Who or what was responsible for the accident*", the motorist had written honestly: "I was."

The defense unhappily yielded the report. "But we want to say for the record," counsel added, "that this motorist is not qualified as an expert on vehicular and traffic laws. Though he *thinks* he was responsible, we will prove that he wasn't." And defense counsel went on to prove exactly that!

Thus, even though you were at

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fault in your opinion, don't say so or sign any release to that effect. You may be wrong, and you'll only confuse the issue for your lawyers.

2. *Don't take another driver's word for anything.*

It was the kind of crash you might see any day on any Main Street. Without warning, a parked car swung into the path of a moving machine.

The offending motorist looked at his fender and said cheerily, "No damage. It was my fault anyhow."

That seemed to end it. But, it subsequently developed, a passenger in his car felt otherwise. A year later she filed suit, claiming a heart condition had developed. It was simple enough to determine that her ailment was chronic—but impossible, at that late date, to backtrack on such a minor crash and disprove that her condition had been *aggravated* by the accident.

3. *Don't rely on inexpert experts to defend you.*

A lawyer may be top-rate in handling wills, real estate or ordinary criminal cases, and still know nothing of the peculiar legal-medical traps involved in negligence cases. Even the insurance companies, which maintain legal staffs, sometimes hire trial specialists from the outside. In one case, a defense lawyer was so ignorant of accident litigation that he didn't know he could obtain a copy of the other side's report to the State Motor Vehicle Department.

Finally, there are the three wreck-chasing ghouls whom you must determinedly avoid:

The Towing-Repair Racketeer. In cahoots with tipsters, sometimes operating by short-wave radio that can eavesdrop on police calls, the tow-car gouger is familiar at almost every accident scene. Often he arrives before an ambulance!

If a motorist has enough presence of mind to demand that his insurance company or his own car dealer take charge of the wreck, he will pay only honest bills. But if one of the racket towmen gets the car, he may pay *$35 a mile* just for towing! And the car, of course, is taken to a garage ("bump shop") that specializes in padded bills and slam-bang repair work before the owner has a chance to countermand the order or even investigate the claimed damage.

The Shyster Lawyer. Either as your counsel or the opposing attorney, the shyster spells nothing but grief. The "ambulance chaser" winks at perjury and connives at fraud.

In one Eastern city, a well-known athlete was seriously injured when hit by a truck. He had a valid damage claim but, unfortunately, he became involved with a shyster.

Greedy, the shyster insisted that the youth palm off a tubercular condition as one result of his injuries. Insurance investigators, digging into his medical history, found the condition had existed long before the mishap. The lawyer's fraud so overshadowed the young fellow's legitimate claims and hospital bills that he received nothing.

The Phony Adjuster. Some insurance companies issue business cards to their legitimate adjusters. Often these fall into the hands of unscrupulous phonies, with results like these:

Two weeks after an accident, a businessman received a caller bear-

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ing the card of his own insurance company. Sympathetically, the stranger asked him if he would relate—frankly—how the crash had occurred. The businessman admitted that he had had a drink, and said he hoped the opposing side wouldn't attach certain assets and place him in an embarrassing financial position.

Soon afterward, when these assets *were* attached, and when the plaintiff amended his papers to include charges that the businessman had been tipsy, he learned the truth about his "adjuster." The man was a shrewd private investigator for the other side.

None of us wants to evade just payment for damages. But there's no reason for honest motorists to continue paying millions of dollars yearly to racketeers who fatten on pain and misery.

With know-how and a cool head, we can thwart them when an accident happens, and finally put them out of business.

Politically Speaking

IF A POLITICIAN tries to buy votes with private money, he's a dirty crook; but if he tries to buy them with the people's own money, he's a great liberal. —*Anonymous*

THIS YEAR'S political campaign is being televised. It's the first time the public has had a chance to keep an eye on the politicians.
—BOB HOPE

THE ONLY thing getting cheaper is politics. —CAREY WILLIAMS

WHEN A POLITICIAN says nothing, it means something. When he says something, it means nothing.
—PAUL STEINER

TO MAKE HIS speeches bear fruit, the smart candidate will prune 'em a little! —SYLVIA GREY

AMERICA IS the only country in the world where you can go on the air and kid politicians and where politicians go on the air and kid the people. —GROUCHO MARX

GOVERNMENT IS too big and important to be left to the politicians.
—CHESTER BOWLES

THIS COUNTRY HAS come to feel the same when Congress is in session as when the baby gets hold of a hammer. —WILL ROGERS

ELECTION IS the year when, no matter which way you twist the dial, you hear someone twisting the truth. —CLIFF WALTERS

IF A MAN has made up his mind to run for public office and one citizen asks him to run, he has been solicited; if two ask him to run, there is a great public demand; and if three ask him, he obviously has been drafted.
—BOYCE HOUSE, *Texas Laughs* (Naylor)

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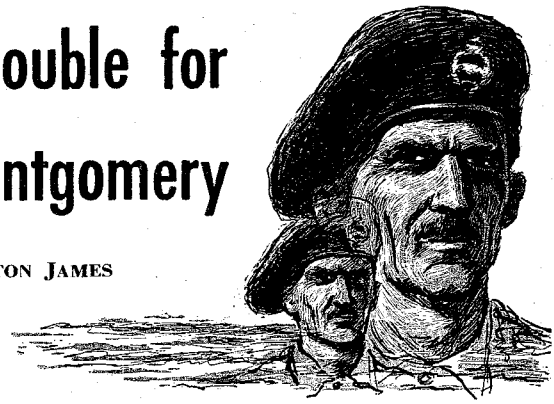
I Was a Double for General Montgomery



by MAJ. CLIFTON JAMES

THIS IS THE STORY of one of the most amazing impersonations in history, and one which undoubtedly influenced the course of World War II. It is told here for the first time by the Briton who played the central part in it.

In order to keep the Germans guessing as to where the Allied forces would launch their long-awaited D-Day attack on Europe, British intelligence drafted an actor who resembled their invasion commander, General Montgomery, coached him in all of Monty's habits and mannerisms, and then exhibited him in remote areas to fool Nazi agents.

Since not even Monty's fellow-officers were in the plot (which had been approved by Winston Churchill and General Eisenhower), the deception had to be carried out to the last intimate detail. The impersonation was superbly performed and deceived everyone. Here, told by Monty's double, is the story of his greatest performance.—The Editors.

IT ALL BEGAN accidentally enough. I never had any idea that a trick of fate, which made me look so much like one of the world's greatest soldiers that I might be his twin, would lead to my playing a part in history. Because if the Germans had really been *sure* where we would strike on D-Day . . . But let me tell my story just as it happened.

I was an actor, but when World War II came, I gave up my career to enlist. One night, as Entertainment Officer, I stepped onto the stage at Leicester to make an announcement. Deafening cheers broke out. Both officers and men had surprisingly mistaken me for General Montgomery, then the most discussed military figure in Europe. Next day my photograph somehow got into the papers and there was comment on the extraordinary likeness between myself and the famous soldier.

Soon after this, my office phone rang and a voice told me that a Colonel Lester would come to see me, and would I show him any stage photographs I might have.

I did. The Colonel looked them over with care, and asked me to come to London. There he saw me behind closed doors, and said abruptly: "I have a surprise for you. You are to take the place of General Montgomery just before D-Day to trick the enemy. You will be trained in England for the job and then go abroad."

My brain had been perplexed a moment ago. Now it reeled. D-Day

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was on everybody's lips. Obviously it was destined to be the most critical day in European history. And I was to take part in it not as Lieut. Clifton James, but as General Montgomery.

On my playing of that part might depend thousands of lives. The whole of D-Day plans and preparations might go wrong if I bungled. All this flashed through my mind as I sat there.

Lester said: "You will not be going back to your unit, or to your wife and family—indeed, you may not get to see them for quite a long time. You will be under my orders from now on."

At a conference next day I was given the uniform of a sergeant of Intelligence and transferred to Montgomery's headquarters in the south of England. Nobody but Intelligence, Montgomery, Eisenhower and Churchill knew the real reason for my going.

Wherever Montgomery went, I went, too: to rehearsals for D-Day, to "pep" talks, to parades. And always I was studying him, just as an actor studies a part. I studied not only his voice and his more pronounced gestures, but all those little things an actor knows about but which a layman is apt to miss.

I studied his walk, the sudden lifting or turning of his head, the carrying of his shoulders, the frequency he would sit or not sit, the difference—or absence of difference—with which he would address officers of varying ranks, the way he spoke to a woman, the way he spoke to a civilian.

It was while General Montgomery was holidaying in Scotland that I was summoned for my first meeting with him and we talked about the strange mission I had been asked to undertake.

He had gone to Scotland for four days' fishing and I, as inseparable now as his shadow, had been instructed to join the party. He agreed that I should spend a quarter-hour with him each evening so that I could get a better close-up of him. My own fear was that I should have nothing at all to say to this alert, austere figure, but I need not have worried. No one could have been more charming.

I came back to London feeling that I was ready for the job and told Colonel Lester so. He said: "Very well, James, but I want you now to go to the—Club and meet a Canadian pilot there. He will tell you what to do."

The Canadian hustled me into a car, took me out to Northolt airfield, put me in what seemed a tiny plane, and proceeded to throw us all over the sky from Northolt to Devonshire. When at last we landed, the pilot grinned, shook my hand and duly reported that he had found me both air-fit and airworthy. And so, in the end, the great day came.

Having trimmed my mustache to resemble Montgomery's, I was taken to a secret place, given the General's uniform with ribbons, his famous beret, and pronounced ready. My equipment was complete, even to the Bible which Montgomery always carried. Then, at the last moment, two highly important factors cropped up, as they have a habit of doing in the best laid plans.

What did the General eat? It was plain that I was to proceed by

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plane to Gibraltar in order to deceive the world into believing that Montgomery was in Spain and North Africa, and important things might well happen there. But going to Gibraltar meant that I must meet all sorts of high-ranking officers and diplomats who knew something of Montgomery's personal habits and dined with him before.

"My God," I remember Lester saying, "what does the man eat?"

In the end we had to get in touch with Montgomery, who said: "Don't worry about it. Don't eat meat, fish or eggs, and have porridge without milk or sugar. That is all James need remember."

The second point we had overlooked was that I had a wounded right hand with a finger blown off. When I pointed this out to Lester, I was whisked to a hospital and there supplied with a plastic finger —an amazing piece of work. So equipped, the moment came for me to open the door, walk down the stairs and boldly emerge into the world as General Montgomery.

There was the General's car, flag flying in front, and in another car behind was a brigadier to act as my aide, and a young captain, both from M.I.5. Swiftly we drove through bomb-scarred London, but not so swiftly that knots of people did not recognize me—and they cheered and waved.

AT NORTHOLT AERODROME, I found the Chiefs of Staff lined up for inspection. It gave me my first real warming of the heart to find that not one of them showed the slightest doubt of my identity. The crew was also drawn up outside the plane and I inspected them before settling down on my way to what was the great task for which I had been preparing so long.

Already our agents in Gibraltar had cleverly sent out news that Montgomery was on his way there —making certain that such news reached the right people. Ten minutes from Gibraltar, one of the pilots came through to the brigadier and said, 'I'm sorry, sir, but we have little fuel left. What shall I do —come down in Spain or fly on?"

The brigadier answered: "Fly on. Think of the satisfaction it would afford the Germans to know that General Montgomery was either killed or interned in Spain."

Luckily we made it with just five minutes flying-time left in the tanks. Arrived at Gibraltar, the curtain really went up. It would be easy for me to say that by this time, I had become so used to absorbing Montgomery and thinking Montgomery that I conducted myself by second nature. But that would not be true. I thanked myself again for all the little restraints and arts of characterization which my long years as actor had taught me.

As our plane reached Gibraltar, and I looked out to see the high-ranking officers awaiting my arrival, the immediate impulse was "get through" them as quickly as possible, then go on to Government House and somehow "get through" whatever awaited me there. I told myself "No." I, as a personality, had ceased to exist. I knew there must not only be perfection in the role I was assuming but what every good actor knows is every bit as important—there must be perfection of timing.

And so I walked with slow, quiet

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stride, as I had studied Montgomery so often, toward the ranking officers, greeted them quietly, dawdled a little, then appeared to make swiftly for the Embassy car. At Government House I was received in state by Sir Ralph Eastwood, the one person in Gibraltar "in the know" and who had been given his instructions.

The ceremonial part of the reception over, I was taken into the drawing room and met various notables, before whom Sir Ralph called me "Monty" and I called him "Rusty."

And again I found that I must concern myself not so much about the voice, the way I held my head, where I put my hands, the preference to stand up when talking, which is one of Montgomery's habits. These things had become almost part of me. But I must not, above all things, appear rushed. Once that happened, I knew everything would be lost.

And so all the time I stood and walked or shook hands, or joked with "Rusty," the old actor in me kept saying "Tempo, tempo." And when at length I got into the library alone with Sir Ralph, he at once smiled: "Congratulations! You were magnificent."

He then took me out into the garden and said that any minute, two Spanish noblemen would be calling to see Lady Eastwood about a Moroccan carpet. It was essential that I should be in the garden when they came in, and we even rehearsed the conversation that should go on between us when the noblemen arrived. It was agreed that as the visitors were about to enter, Sir Ralph should say to me: "Do you recognize that frieze, Monty?" and I was to say: "Yes, Rusty, but it's gotten a bit chipped, hasn't it?"

It was just as I was saying this that the two noblemen entered, raised their hats to the Governor and were introduced to me. Three hours later, the news was circulating in Madrid that General Montgomery was in Gibraltar. Berlin had it that night.

The two noblemen, so ostensibly favorable to the British, were Hitler's chief agents in this part of the world, and imagined they had brought off a rare coup by actually getting into Government House and shaking hands with me.

There was only one man I was afraid of at Government House—the man who, on the many occasions when the real Montgomery had stayed there during his career, had acted as the General's batman. I felt that if any man was likely to detect me during the whole trip, this was the man.

But he did not show the slightest suspicion—and once I had got past him, I felt I had no more to fear. I must confess, however, that I went through the same fears when the time came for me to land at Algiers. Breakfast over, I drove to the plane through the cheers of troops, and with an air force and naval guard awaiting my inspection. And when we landed at Algiers, there were the high-ranking officers again, this time of Sir Henry Maitland Wilson's staff, on hand to greet me.

Any man who has been no more than a junior officer, a mere speck among millions of men, must realize what a tremendous change it

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was to find oneself elevated into an individuality to whom these highest ranking officers showed deference and genuine respect.

But again I got through. As the door of the plane opened, it was like the curtain going up again—and I was immediately braced for the ordeal. With the leash on so that I should never seem hurried, I inspected that guard of honor outside Wilson's headquarters and went inside. And that, so far as I was concerned, was the end of it.

Once away from everybody's gaze, I was treated to a whisky and a cigarette, provided with a razor to take off Montgomery's moustache, given the clothes of a lieutenant, and quickly became Clifton James again. My job was done.

But I was not yet free. M.I.5 was determined that there should be no mistake. Quickly they smuggled me off to Cairo; and for three long weeks I was required to lay hidden there—weeks during which came D-Day and the speedy advance that followed.

How much my own little act contributed to that success is not for me to say. I can only recall that when I was at last able to come to London and report at the War Office, I was congratulated as never before in my life. And later on, General Montgomery, with characteristic kindness, gave me freedom to write this story of everything, just as it occurred from the beginning.

Weather or Not

THE OREGON Legislature has ordered an official study of weather control. If ways of controlling it are discovered, please let us know —forthwith. —*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

YOU CAN ALWAYS tell when Spring comes to Los Angeles—the smog is much greener. —JACK PAAR

IT NEVER RAINS in California, just an occasional natural phenomenon to which the Chamber of Commerce refers as a "free fill for your swimming pool." —BOB HOPE

DON'T KNOCK THE weather; nine-tenths of the people couldn't start a conversation if it didn't change once in a while. —KIN HUBBARD

THE WEATHER bureau is having considerable success predicting tornadoes. This may foreshadow the time when it will be able to predict a nice day. —WES LAWRENCE (*Cleveland Plain Dealer*)

A MAN CALLED the weather bureau to get the latest report on a Houston-aimed hurricane. "You mean," asked a harassed weatherman, "the eastbound or westbound hurricane?"

—GEORGE FUERMANN, *Houston: Land of the Big Rich* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

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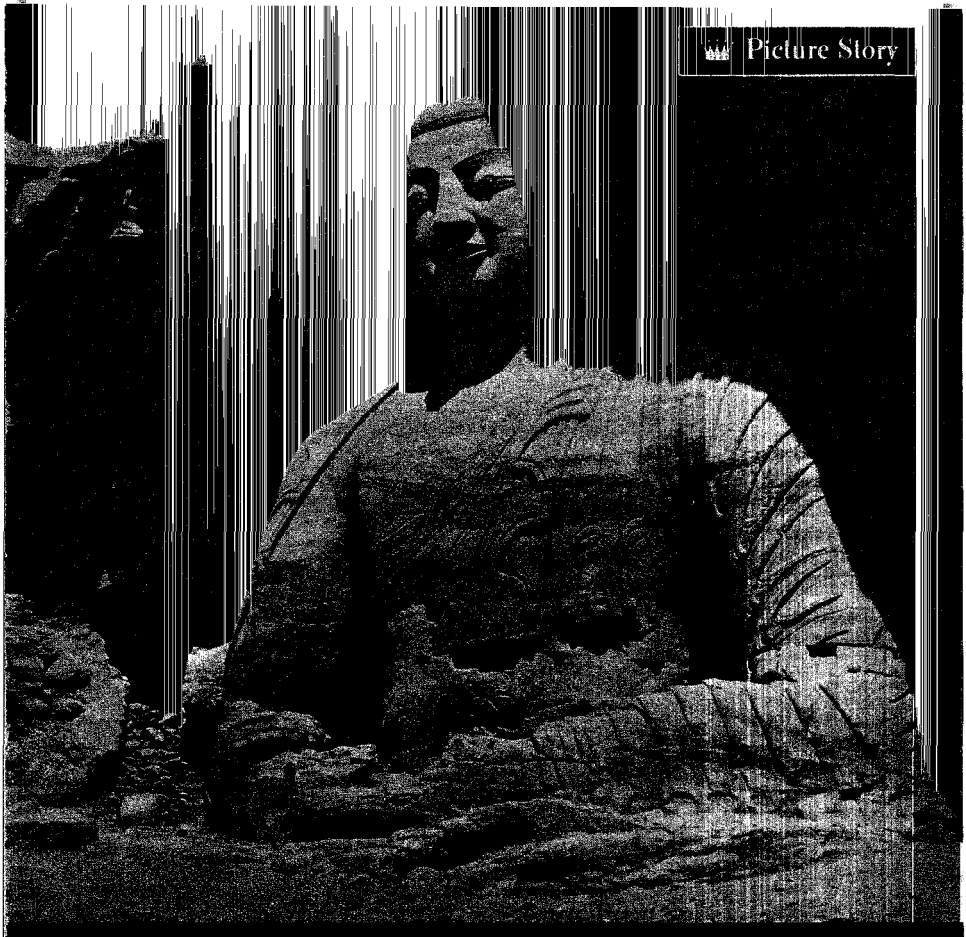

Ageless Asia

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HÉLÈNE HOPPENOT

MANY ARE THE signs by which you shall know this ancient land—ancient when Greece was young. Here the centuries keep vigil; here stones rose-red as time tell of glories long past, and lost; and here, looming gigantic as a dream, the Buddha broods, the Perfected One, beyond passion or desire. Who shall assay the artlessness of that carven smile, or measure what it is the sightless eyes are fixed upon?

Pictures from *Extreme-Orient*, published by Editions Ides et Calendes, Neuchatel, Switzerland.

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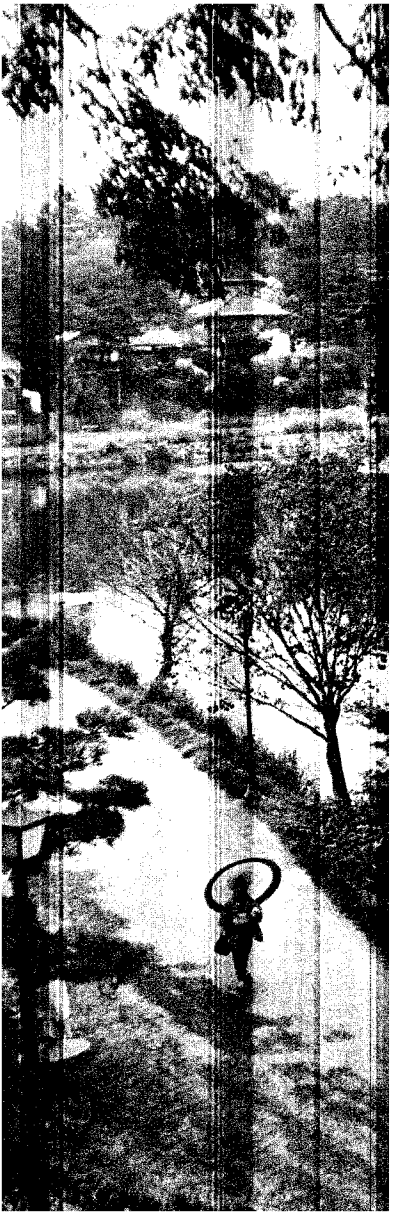

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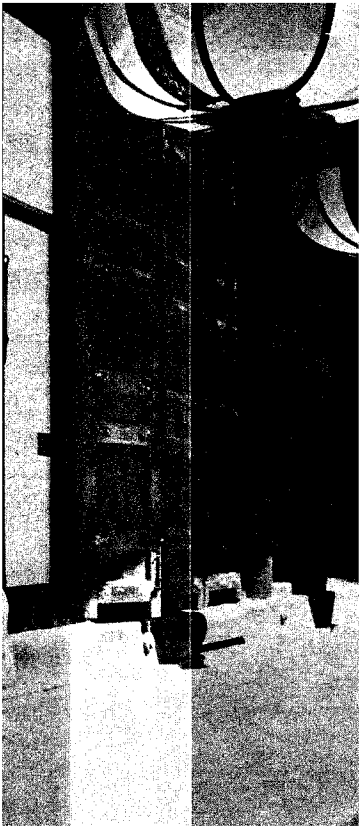

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Here conquerors came, and the conquered bowed: Hun, Turk and the hordes of Kublai Khan . . . mighty men all! There now remain as witness and inheritor only the plainsman and his plodding beast

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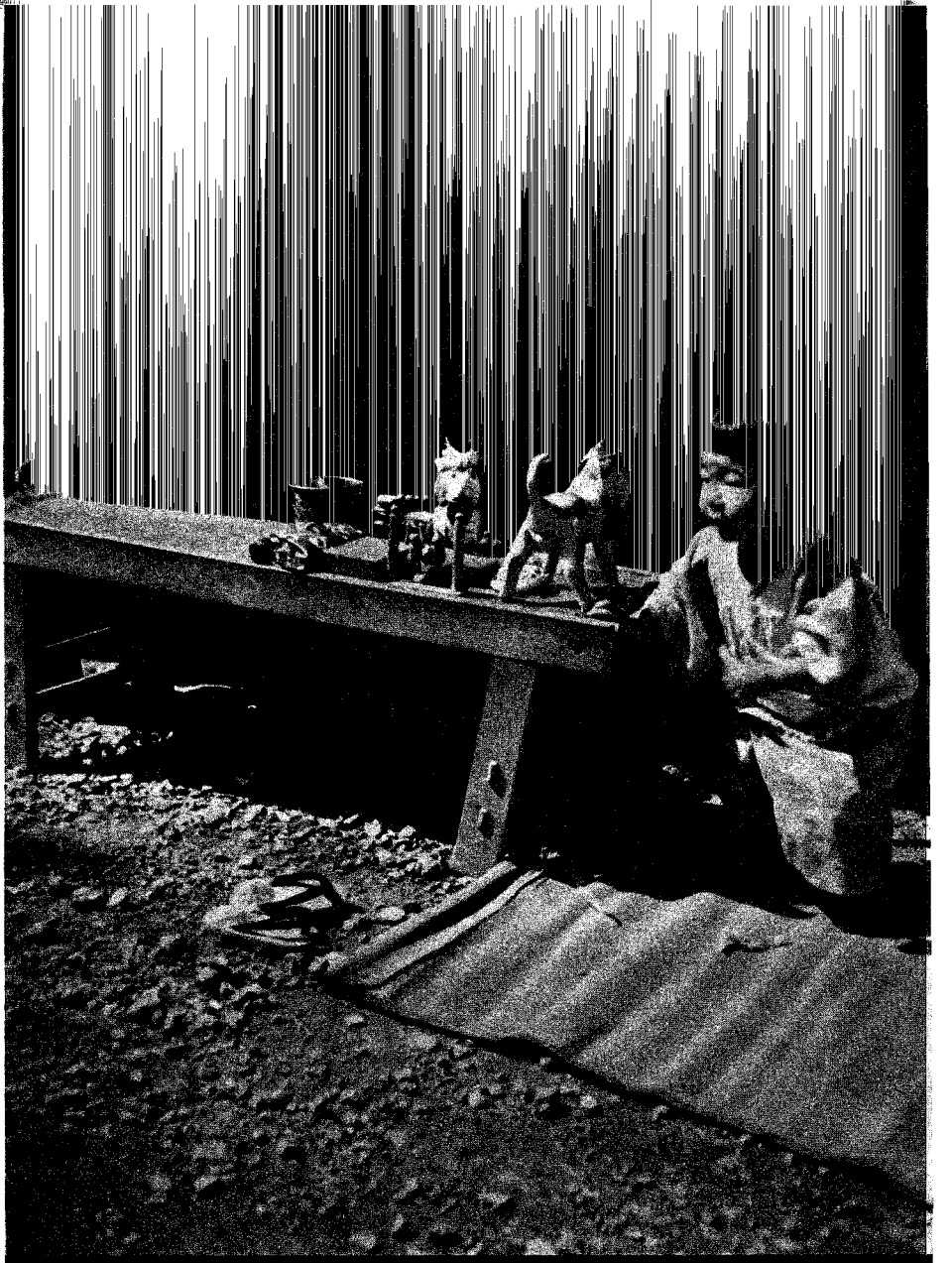

. . . And the playing child enchanted and delighted with his toy, who has yet to learn what philosopher and camel driver know: that all things pass, that ecstasy is winged, that dreams are dreamed but for awakening.

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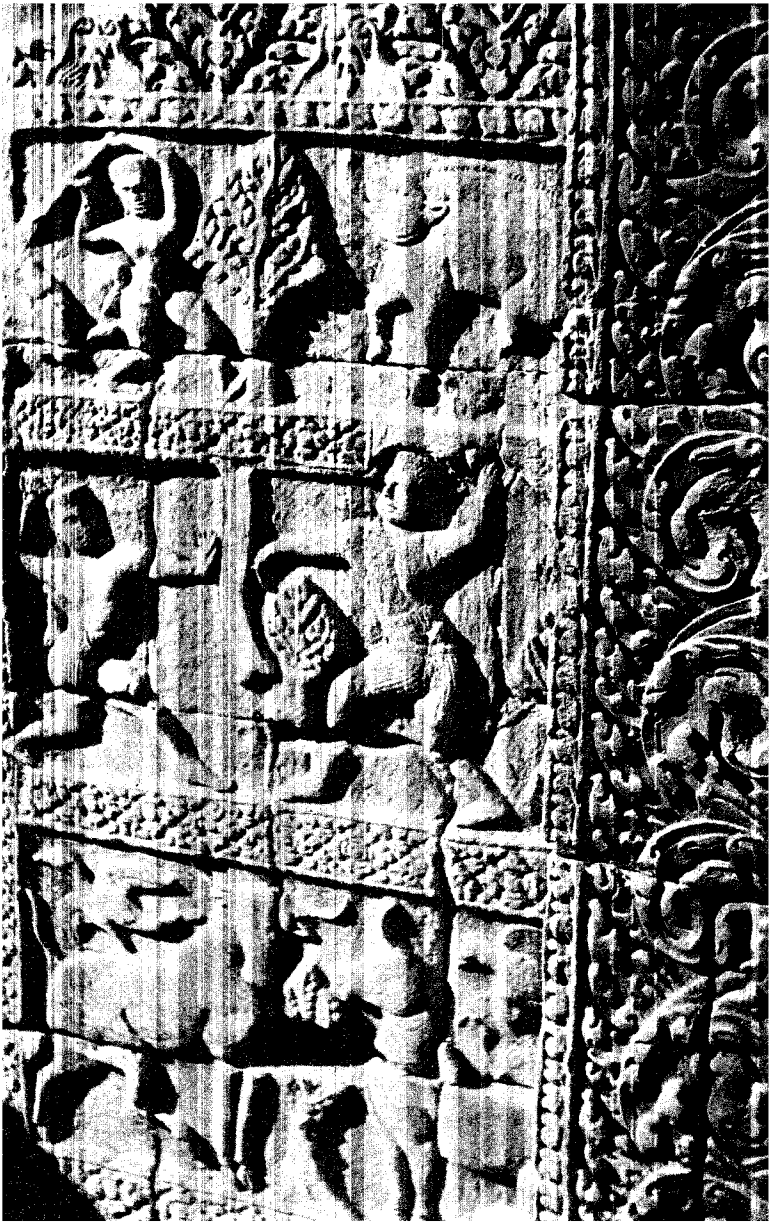

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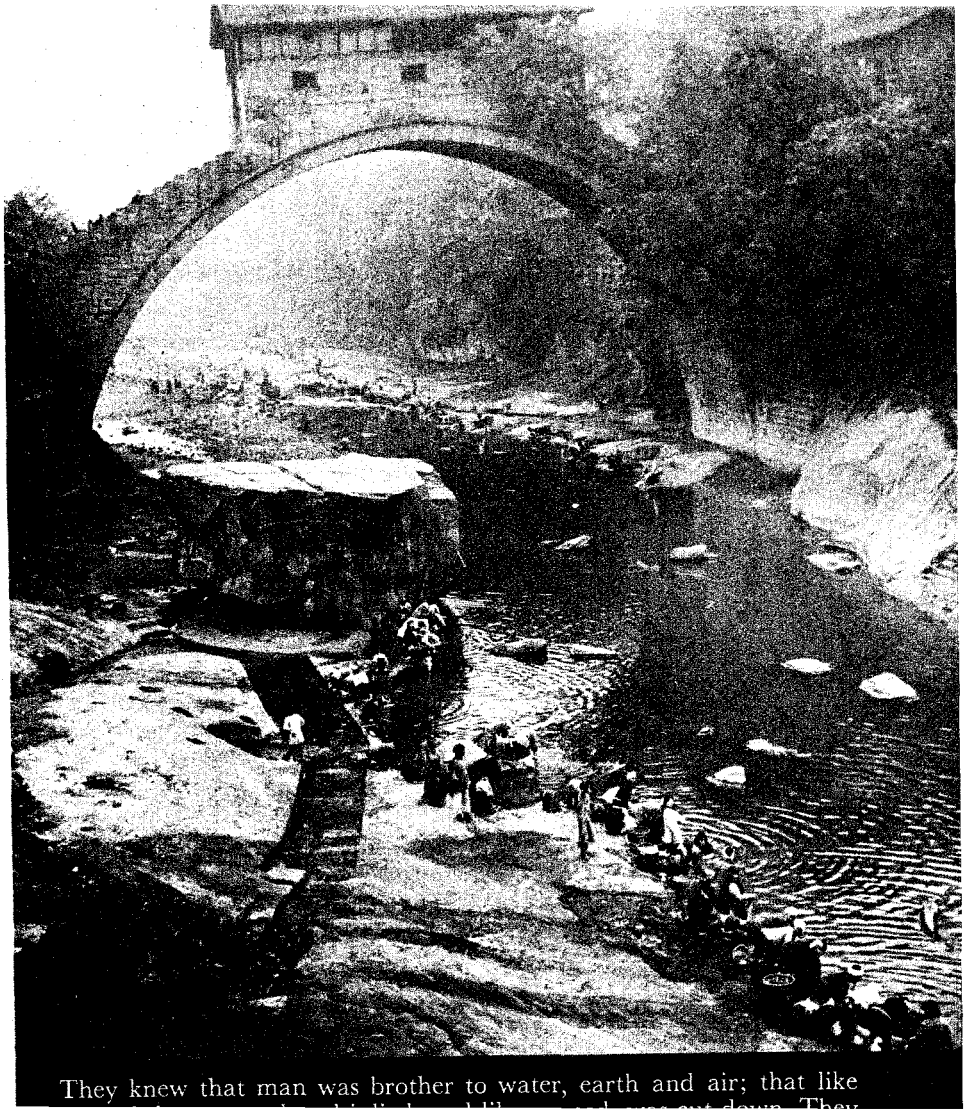

They knew that man was brother to water, earth and air; that like

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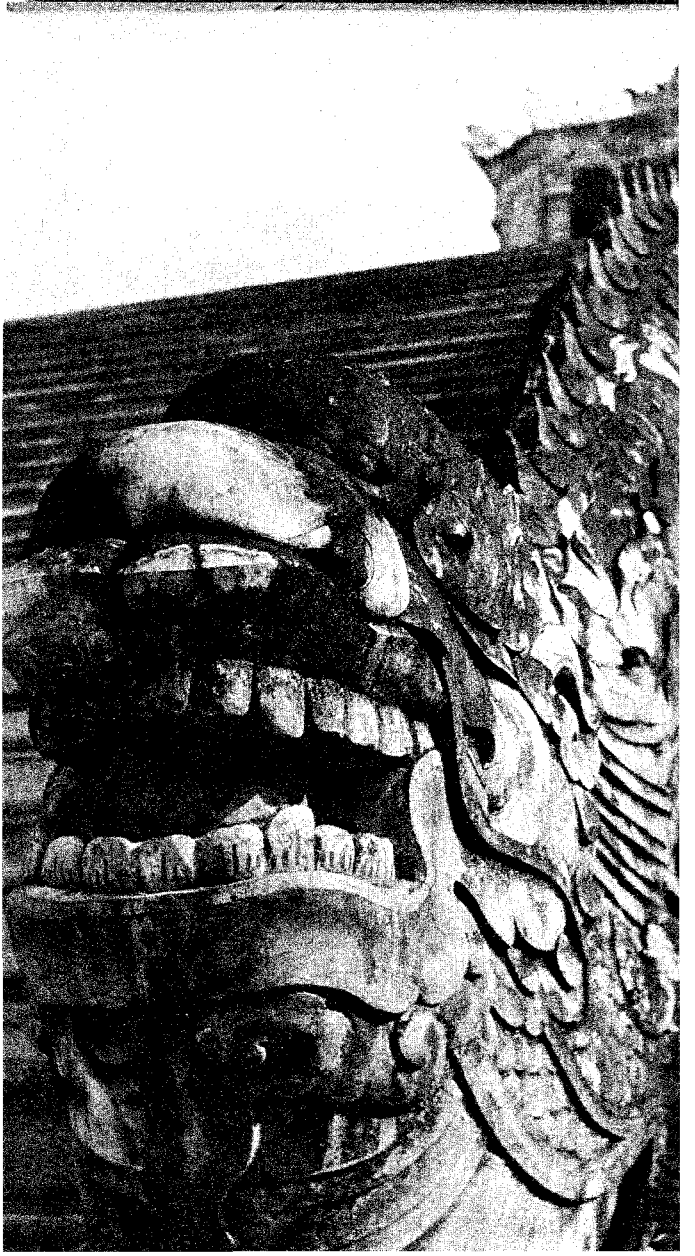

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Such moments, when the past is no more and the future is not yet, are part of the spell of ageless Asia. Peace broods on the face of the

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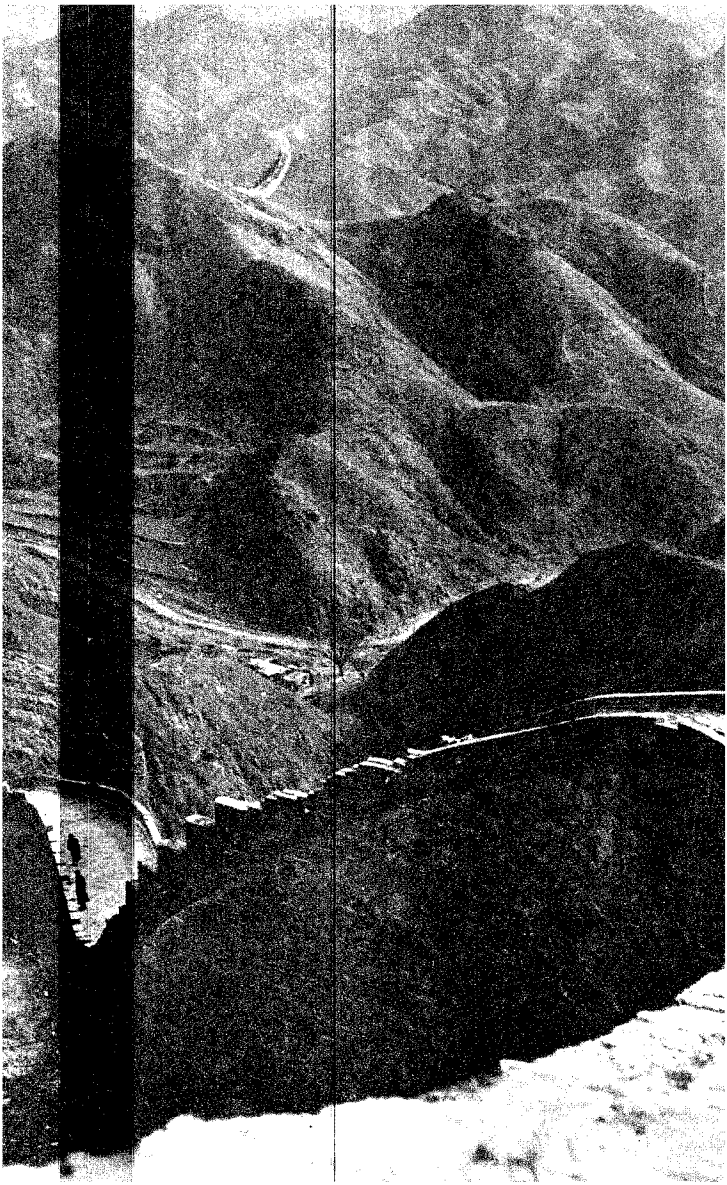

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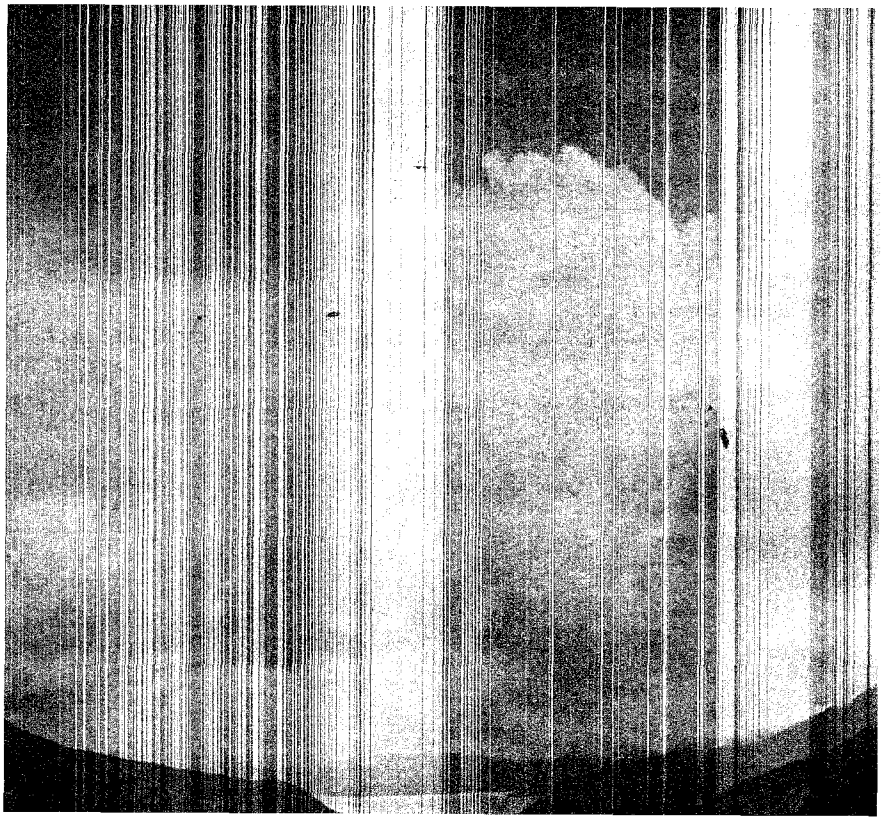

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The Story Behind MARILYN MONROE

by GRADY JOHNSON

A blowtorch blonde gives Hollywood its first successor to Jean Harlow

PRODDED BY PROTECTORS of public morals, Hollywood for 20 years had been telling the world with traces of truth that its residents were home-loving, church-going folk. Belaboring the point, its publicity made glamour girls out as drudges with housemaid's knee whipping up an angel food cake quicker than you could say censorship-is-ruining-the-movies. Then along came Marilyn Monroe.

Merely by being her sweet, sex-conscious self—and there's disagreement over whether she's naive or cunning about it—this luscious blonde with the tree-ripened sex appeal may have reversed the opinion-molding field. At least, she has started others running with the ball.

Possessing a body of which she could be proud, Miss Monroe was inordinately proud. In cheesecake art, she shared as much of its loveliness as the law allowed and twice, she confessed, had posed for calendar art in the nude—without shame.

Seeing this 24-year-old blowtorch blonde emerge unsullied, actresses started changing press agents as often as husbands. To top it all, a well-known producer threatened to cut out the tongues of associates if they discussed the known happy home life of his stars, and a prominent director urged Hollywood to start making sex-honest adult films and forbid children to see them.

Looking back on Miss Monroe—and who doesn't?—it is hard to say whether she was cause or effect. A few years ago, she would have been sternly reminded that film stars must publicly be sexless, not drink or smoke, and be kind to animals. Today, still a newcomer to the screen, this undulating creature has become the most exciting personality in town, an unchallenged successor to Jean Harlow with millions of dollars worth of herself awaiting public view in unreleased films.

Before she had been seen on the screen, she had become an astonish-

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ing pin-up girl. Military personnel, college boys and fan clubs everywhere voted her suggestive titles of honor. She became "Miss Cheesecake," "Miss Flame Thrower of '52," "The Girl We'd Rather Come Between Us and Our Wives."

Born in Hollywood and reared as an orphan ward of Los Angeles County, which "farmed" her out to board in 11 private homes before she was 16, this once-underprivileged, unwanted and unsure child has matured into perhaps one of the most beautiful women of all time. She has been pegged the most promising star of 1952 by Movie Columnist Hedda Hopper, and described by Saloon-and-Sex authority Earl Wilson as having "the year's most outstanding figure." Producer Jerry Wald says, "She walks like a young antelope. When she stands, it's like a snake uncoiling. When she speaks, you don't hear her words—it's as though she were whispering love to you." She even is developing a singularly unnecessary skill as an actress.

The furore over her reached a feverish peak several months ago when patrons of a Sunset Strip saloon detected a stimulating resemblance to the poodle-clipped, blue-eyed star in a lithographed nude on the bar mirror, entitled "New Wrinkle" and luxuriating on folds of red velvet. At the same time, a garage mechanic in nearby Glendale was said to have been fired for watching not the clock but a calendar called "Golden Dreams," featuring the lass's all.

As the news was shouted from roof tops, headlines, antennas and Korean foxholes, her studio was thrown into a minor state of alarm. Not since Hedy Lamarr appeared in the revealing old film "Ecstasy" had an actress been so daring—and Hedy had been excused on the grounds that her skin stint was intended for blasé Europeans and some cad had imported her shame and exposed it to innocent American eyes.

But Marilyn was as much as saying she did it for pay and she was glad. Her Studio Club room rent had been overdue, and what was a hard-working starlet to do if a photographer wanted to commit her charms to posterity's emulsion?

"Besides, his wife was present at the sitting," Marilyn pouted, and this made everything all right and proper. "I'm not ashamed. I've done nothing wrong, although if I had known I was to become a star, I wouldn't have done it."

Later, when a publication reproduced a nude along with other photos of herself, Marilyn stood in a drugstore all afternoon autographing them, proving, as a photographer said, that "if you convince a woman she has a beautiful body, she'll help prove you're right."

Asked her definition of how she dresses, Marilyn said: "For men. They're my only friends. Designers want me to dress like Spring, in billowing things. I don't feel like Spring. I feel like a warm red Autumn."

Shortly after the calendars achieved mass distribution, Marilyn's anatomy made news again when she fought a losing battle with her appendix. Before going under the ether, Miss Monroe was reported to have pinned to her nightgown a note to the surgeon: "Take only what you have to."

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While she did not write this, it emphasizes the kind of stories that Hollywood makes up to characterize its characters.

Her consciousness of nature's extravagance toward her is illustrated by another story. Walking across a darkened sound stage whose floor was covered with lamps, cables and boxes, when someone yelled, "Watch out for the equipment," she responded, it is said, by quickly zipping her sweater.

WHILE SHE WAS recuperating from her appendectomy, she made news again by "confessing" she had a mother. Previously, she had played the role of a voluptuous Little Orphan Annie. She had said that her father was killed in an accident when she was very small and that her mother, an invalid, had placed her in an orphanage and then died.

Revising this on advice of counsel —every able-bodied male over 15 elects himself to give her fatherly advice—she revealed that her mother, a former film-cutter at a studio a stone's throw from the orphanage where she lived much of her life, was alive and receiving support from her. She hadn't talked of this before, she said, because her rearing in an orphanage would have embarrassed both.

This admission came none too soon for her employers, who had been harassed by women belatedly seeking to crush the little gold mine to motherly hearts, and an occasional man claiming to be her father. It became ludicrous when a Hollywood mortician telephoned her studio that he was holding the body of her father, who had just died.

"You'll have to write us a letter," said a secretary, weary of such developments. "Yours is the second father this week!"

Such has been the impact of this full-lipped, full-breasted girl, who has hitched a sex wagon to Hollywood's fastest climbing star. A sudden epidemic of ecstasy over her charms had her displaying them in three pictures simultaneously.

Currently, she is without question one of the best equipped females in the business. Five feet five, 118 pounds, with a 37-inch bust burgeoning over a 23 waist and 34-inch hips, she has short feathered corn-silk hair, an unusually large head (hat size 23) which gives the camera much to work with, full moist lips, big blue eyes, a honeyed voice and an out-of-breath way of speaking.

She has an absent-minded professor's preoccupation with her affairs—walks as though in a daze, is always late to appointments. Resigned to being late, she has taken to postponing all engagements an hour in hopes of being on time. This has caused many to call her beautiful but dumb. Yet she is an avid reader of psychology and biography, and says with a straight face that she spends her evenings curled up with Thomas Wolfe. At least, it is known that she was bright enough to skip the seventh grade and win a prize for an essay on Abraham Lincoln.

Vine Street wolves feel that fate was kind in exposing her to them in easy stages. Seeing her suddenly as she is today is regarded as too much of a stimulant to tired males. An example of this was seen in a sales convention of 20th Century-

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Fox representatives from branch offices all over the United States.

These pin-striped gentlemen, assembled at the studio commissary to meet the stars, never had seen Marilyn, either in the flesh or in films. Her sudden appearance in a low-cut black-lace gown—she was late arriving, of course—caused necks to turn and mouths to open as if pulled by the strings of a single puppeteer.

Film-exchange managers, vice-presidents, producers, directors, exploitation men and actors, each felt in his own mind that he, personally, had discovered an exciting new personality. It has been like that for six years. A succession of people discovered her.

Each appointed himself an unofficial agent to talk her up. Grips, electricians, messenger boys, the studio bootblack, the mail clerks, all discovered her and talked about her. It was inevitable that higher-ups heard. Grown wise to the ways of Hollywood by birth, six years' experience in 13 pictures, and a 15-year-old marriage which failed in two years, the young lady is not unaware of the commotion she has caused. She falls into her role so enthusiastically that photographers accustomed to coaxing skirts up and blouses down have to use reverse English on her. "Killed" photographs of her have become collectors' items.

Having become a star by public demand, she will not, she says, permit the dignity of her new station to let her forget what folks want. She will continue posing for cheesecake—not coyly cover up as many another leg artist has done upon achieving stardom.

There's a charming selfishness in the decision. Photographs of herself hold a childish fascination for Marilyn. After a sitting with photographers, she will consult half a dozen men for advice on which look best. If they like a shot which she doesn't, she will argue for hours, insisting that some be retouched, that others be discarded.

As a rule, women don't like her. They know well the weapon she is using, and call her surplus of ammunition unfair. To men, women say of her: "Isn't she the most beautiful thing you ever saw, but"—and these "buts" cover objections ranging from the kind of clothes she wears, the way she wears them, to the way she walks, talks and acts. They charge that she carefully plunges her neckline to greet visitors and can't tolerate male attention to another girl in her presence.

When a woman columnist criticized her "organic clothes," male admirers contended that Marilyn would look good in a burlap sack. Forthwith, she posed for a picture in one and looked so good that 427 newspapers printed it.

"Girdles and wire stays should never have been invented," Marilyn says. "No man wants to hug a padded bird cage."

Although a day seldom passes without some suggestive witticism being attributed to her, Marilyn is no flippant conversationalist. "I want to find myself," she says vaguely. "Way deep inside. And enjoy being myself. It isn't easy. Nothing's ever easy as long as you go on living."

Entertaining veterans from Korea at El Toro Marine base, she pre-

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cipitated a near-riot by crossing her legs around the microphone stand while singing a torch song. This cruelty to the love-starved lads caused them to climb the bandstand and crowd her so closely that shore patrolmen feared for her life.

She told the Marines, reading her script perfectly: "You Marines always whistle at girls—blondes, redheads, sweater girls. Take their sweaters away and then what have you got?"

STRONG MEN WEEP when Marilyn tells of her childhood. Born Norma Jean Daugherty, she says she took the name "Baker" because her father was a baker, later changed it to Monroe after he was killed. When her mother went to a hospital as an invalid, a friend was appointed her legal guardian and turned her over to the county.

Her first job was setting tables at the orphanage for 100 children three times a day. "The superintendent paid me five cents a month," she recalls.

When she was five years old, she was first farmed out. "A family would keep me for a few months or a year and get tired of me, I guess. There were families who wouldn't dance, drink or play cards, and families who did just the opposite. Most of them were poor—some of them unemployed studio workers—and the board the county paid helped with the groceries.

"I guess I made some of them nervous. I remember hearing one woman say to her husband, 'I can't stand the way she looks at me, and she eats too much. We've just got to get rid of her.' "

This unwanted existence, she says, made her stutter for several years. "I was gawky, all knees and elbows." In school plays she was chosen to play the role of boys, once "Jack" in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Finally, when she was 13, students at Emerson Junior High School saw into the future. They voted her their "Oomph Girl."

By the time she was 15, she started looking for escape. Mrs. E. Anna Lower ("Aunt Anna"), with whom she was living, had to go back East. "Rather than move in with another family, I married a merchant seaman. We were divorced two years later—about the time that friends wrote me that Aunt Anna had died. Never mind who he was. He's happily remarried now and his new wife doesn't know about me."

Finally in 1945, Marilyn's mother was released from the hospital. The following year Marilyn went to live with her for a while, but, she says, never got to know her intimately.

While inspecting parachutes for Reginald Denny's aircraft factory, Marilyn began posing for photographers. In one month her picture was on the covers of four magazines. A film-talent agent, the late Johnny Hyde, vice-president of the William Morris Agency, saw them. He took them to Howard Hughes.

Hughes, who knows a pretty thing when he sees it, wanted her for his RKO, but 20th Century-Fox beat him to her. Signed to a contract, she did a bit in "Scudda Hoo Scudda Hay"—but this ended up on the cutting-room floor.

One of the mysteries of her career

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is that the studio dropped her—as did Columbia six months after she had played a burlesque queen in a musical, "Ladies of the Chorus." (Marilyn philosophically calls this her period of "Pulling myself up and slipping back.")

Subsequently, she was a chased blonde in Groucho Marx' "Love Happy," and made a personal-appearance tour around the country publicizing it—her first time away from home. She did well in "Asphalt Jungle" at M-G-M, then was cast, as a free-lancer, in 20th's "All About Eve." Darryl Zanuck saw the rushes of her as "a graduate of the Copacabana School of Dramatic Arts" in that film, called her agent and put her under long-term contract.

She landed progressively better parts in "As Young As You Feel," "Let's Make It Legal" and "Love Nest." By the time RKO borrowed her for "Clash By Night," she had attracted so much attention via publicity that she was given star billing, although the part didn't warrant it. In the first half of this year, she was co-starred in "Don't Bother To Knock," "Full House," "We're Not Married," "Monkey Business" and "Niagara." Her studio has further indicated her stature by assigning Marilyn to play Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," a part previously announced for Betty Grable.

Where she goes from here onward is up to the public. Her drama coach, Natasha Lytess, feels that her early suffering has given her the depth to become a great actress. "Her soul doesn't belong in that body," she says. Likewise, crusty Leon Shamroy, Oscar-laden cinematographer who would rather insult a star than praise one, says, "She *is* Jean Harlow. Period." At least, efforts have been made to obtain the screen rights to Harlow's life story as a vehicle for her.

Shamroy, who regards actors as only part of his photographic scenery, reminding them often that "A mouse (Mickey) is a bigger star than you," filmed Marilyn's first test. "She was a scared little girl then and she's a scared little girl now," he says. "Don't believe those stories you hear. She's a good girl."

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

A MEMORABLE ILLUSTRATED FEATURE

"The Many Lives of Pope Pius XII"

In the November issue, Coronet presents the remarkable story of Pope Pius XII, one of history's greatest religious leaders. This 16-page feature, illustrated with extraordinary photographs, is based on personal interviews granted the author in Rome. It gives a revealing portrait of the tall, thin, friendly man who, in his 77th year, holds the most exacting and crucial job on earth. Today, he sends a significant message to America: "I pray to Almighty God that the influence of the United States may always be exerted for the promotion of peace among all peoples."

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ODD MAN OUT!

To test your skill at detection, Lee Bowman, star of "The Adventures of Ellery Queen" (Wednesdays, 9—9:30 P. M., EST, ABC-TV), challenges you to identify the "odd men" in the following quiz. Sleuth Bowman says: "Spotting the odd man—the suspect whose presence cannot be explained—frequently breaks the case." Clue: in the first group, it's the bicyclist: the only man who travels on his own power. Detecting 20 correct odd men is excellent; less than 15 is fair. (Answers on page 94.)

1. Motorcyclist; Chauffeur; Bicyclist; Motorman; Engineer.
2. Policeman; Fireman; Streetcleaner; Gardener; G-man.
3. Drummer; Banjoist; Pianist; Violinist; Cellist.
4. Zulu; Zouave; Sikh; Bantu; Egyptian.
5. Skier; Iceskater; Rollerskater; Sledder; Tobogannist.
6. Washingtonian; Parisian; New Yorker; Roman; Madrilenian.
7. Marylander; Floridian; Californian; Virginian; Jerseyite.
8. Mars; Odin; Jupiter; Bacchus; Pluto.
9. Receptionist; Teller; Salesman; Bookkeeper; Floorwalker.
10. Patricide; Fratricide; Regicide; Sororicide; Matricide.
11. Stationer; Porter; Bootblack; Masseur; Waiter.
12. Pickpocket; Robber; Plagiarist; Burglar; Blackmailer.
13. Novelist; Cartoonist; Printer; Poet; Painter.
14. Surrogate; Alternate; Understudy; Dean; Viceregent.
15. Senator; Congressman; Governor; Ambassador; President.
16. Dermatologist; Neurologist; Ophthalmologist; Pathologist; Etymologist.
17. Don Quixote; Shylock; Superman; Diogenes; Arrowsmith.
18. Beautician; Hairdresser; Obstetrician; Barber; Gynecologist.
19. Tragedian; Comedian; Buffoon; Pantomimist; Protagonist.
20. Dopey; Donder; Grumpy; Doc; Sneezy.
21. Shepherd; Farrier; Apiarist; Veterinarian; Homeopathist.
22. Grenadier; Gladiator; Bombardier; Musketeer; Gunner.
23. Czar; Vizier; Caliph; Padishah; Mikado.
24. Calligrapher; Typographer; Linotype operator; Typist; Typesetter.
25. Baseball player; Boxer; Polo player; Golfer; Bowler.

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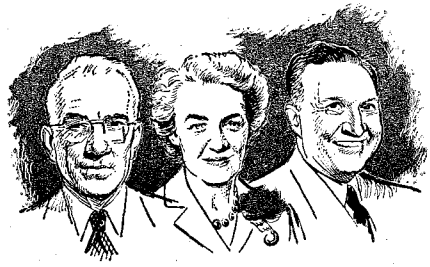
Do you, the voter, know . . .

WHAT MAKES A GOOD SENATOR?



by EDWARD B. LOCKETT

Many Americans criticize their Senators in Washington for giving way to pressure groups or political expediency. Perhaps the Senators are not as much to blame as the people themselves, since the average citizen, by failing to follow closely the records of these legislators, encourages them to act in their own interests rather than in the interests of the nation they represent. This article suggests a simple method by which you can keep your check on *your* Senator, and insure that he fulfills his obligations to the people who elected him.—The Editors.

WHEN THE TIME COMES next month for the American voter to choose among candidates for re-election to the Senate of the United States, the person most perplexed will be the voter whose ballot counts most at the polls—the thinking man or woman who is wedded permanently to no political party.

Rock-ribbed Republicans will vote dutifully for the GOP candidates. Unshakable Democrats will just as determinedly cast their ballots for the candidates of their party. But, except for the Solid South and a few mid-western states, these hard-core groups are not always strong enough in themselves to send their choices to Washington. In the final analysis, the balance of power usually rests with the in-betweens—the independent voters.

For precisely that reason, they constitute the prime targets of political pleas and promises. They are the men and women assailed from all sides by campaign propaganda, by glowing pledges, by the cajolery of experts hired to sway votes. Bombarded as they are, such voters often find it hard to cut an intelligent path through the tangled campaign underbrush.

This bafflement, however, is not necessary, for there *is* a way to get at the truth. Every candidate for public office has a record. And, unlike promises, a record cannot lie.

If citizens only took the trouble to check the political records of candidates seeking re-election, and to find out why they voted as they did, only good men would ever get back into the Senate, to make our laws and spend our taxes.

For the voter who has not done so before, a scrutiny of voting records in Washington is certain to prove informative, if not startling. He will discover, for example, that almost every Senator occasionally yields to pressure and plays politics to a certain degree, that all too

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many study legislation from the viewpoint of personal advantage or with minds clouded by prejudice. Some habitually vote with the lobbies or with certain of them. Indeed, a handful of Congressmen practice vote-trading so blindly that they will support almost any measure offered, provided it wins them votes for pet bills of their own.

All this and more can become transparent from the voting records. What will also become clear is that there are good Senators, too—legislators who place principle above party or expediency. This group of Senators is a small one, and its number cannot be stated precisely. But its members can be recognized by their voting records rather than by party labels.

From time to time their names make news as they step across party lines or defy party causes to vote in line with their consciences. Any interested voter who takes the trouble to examine the roll calls in the Senate, can easily identify these good Senators.

It requires courage to be a good Senator, plus undeviating rectitude, seriousness of purpose, experience and real intelligence. They are not limited to one party or sex, and their names are not hard to find. Let us look at some of them.

Best known, perhaps, is William Benton of Connecticut, a Democrat who follows the truth wherever it may lead. Senator George Aiken of Vermont is another, a Republican universally respected for his integrity, independence and ability.

A third is Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, another Republican who has demonstrated again and again that she will not vote before she has weighed the issues.

These three Senators have repeatedly demonstrated that their voting criterion is the public welfare. Neither party lines nor the pressure of constituents can control the votes of Senators Benton, Aiken and Smith. They know that party leaders are not always right, and that at times the people back home can also be mistaken.

Although the voting records of these three Senators do not coincide, they share in common a vast capacity for work. Senators Aiken and Smith, typical New Englanders, are out of bed at cockcrow and in their offices by 7:30 most days. They seldom leave before 7 P.M. and generally take work home with them.

Senator Benton puts in equally long hours, and usually at night. Not infrequently, he will labor till the small hours of the morning in his Washington hotel apartment.

When a constituent gets a letter from one of these Senators, it is apt to be signed personally. All of them supervise every letter that goes out, and read almost every letter that comes in. Frequently they go back home to find out what the voters are thinking, but they don't duck embarrassing roll calls by absenting themselves from the Senate. And invariably they listen to arguments on both sides of an issue before deciding how to vote.

One way to spot a good Senator is on the appropriation votes and the votes on the Hoover Commission proposals to increase efficiency in the federal government. Almost every Senator talks economy and efficiency, but when the chips are down, too few practice what they preach. Benton was one of the few

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supporters of a proposal by Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois to cut half a billion from the Rivers and Harbors Bill, a perennial pork-barrel measure. Among the Republicans, Senators Aiken and Smith backed it, too, but the opposition was so massive from both parties that Douglas and Benton couldn't even force a record vote.

After one economy vote, which antagonized a powerful and ruthless pressure group, a Senate Republican friend of Benton's asked who was giving him political advice, adding: "Are you trying to commit suicide? The vote you just cast is the most lunatic I've seen in my two terms in the Senate."

Bill Benton listened, then went right on voting for efficiency and the Hoover re-organization proposals. "If votes that I believe to be good votes ever cause my defeat, well—I'll just have to be defeated," he says. "I have to call them as I see them."

The good Senator will not take the easy or popular way out if his conscience tells him not to. For example, Benton once bucked virtually the entire Senate to vote with two lonely companions—both Southerners in sure seats—against a bill giving Spanish-American War veterans private treatment at government hospitals, regardless of the nature or source of their ailments.

He felt that this legislation would logically have to be extended to veterans of the two World Wars, and that this was not necessarily the best way to spend money on public health. Right or wrong, this was the kind of vote that required plenty of courage.

Nor will a good Senator bow to pressure. During the bitter Senate fight over the Taft-Hartley Bill, Senator Aiken received bales of mail from Vermont voters urging him to vote for the measure. But the Senator wasn't altogether sure in his own mind whether it would hurt labor.

"When I walked into the Senate Chamber for the vote," Aiken recalled recently, "I hadn't yet been able to make up my mind. Then Bob Taft put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'George, I'll make you a pledge: if anything in this bill ever hurts labor, I will personally go to the floor to have it amended.' That decided me, and I voted for the bill."

As a matter of fact, Aiken often votes against the written sentiments of his constituents, and even against the wishes of party leaders. His yardstick is his own judgment. He explains it thus:

"I figure that when I know something which the voter back home

DURING THOSE MONTHS of the year when Congress is in session, some of our large metropolitan newspapers print "box scores" on how the legislators from their areas voted on various bills. If the newspaper in your community does not publish such tabulations, why not ask the editor to do so? It is not only a good journalistic feature, but it will keep you and your fellow citizens up to date on how your legislators are protecting your interests in Washington. Then at election time you will not only know *what* makes a good Senator, but you will be able to elect one.

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cannot know, it's up to me to take it into account. My constituents expect me to do this. They sent me here to represent them intelligently, and to do what I believe is best for the country and for them. As I see it, my problem is to determine what is right, and then do it."

And this was precisely the principle which prompted the firm-chinned lady from Maine, Senator Margaret Chase Smith, to risk her political career by attacking her own party leaders for making a "forum of hate" out of Congress. Her verbal salvo swept both parties, but everybody on Capitol Hill knew that it was directed chiefly at certain prominent Republicans.

In her brief but memorable declaration of conscience, which is still spoken of in the Senate, Senator Smith announced that she, for one, wanted no GOP Congressional victories based on character assassination. Her language was so blunt that President Truman himself remarked next day that he wouldn't make so strong a comment on the Republican Party.

But then, no one has ever been able to accuse the lady from Maine of cowardice. When a Senate Committee considered the Hoover plan to put Collectors of Internal Revenue under civil-service regulations, she was the only Republican to approve it, with her five Republican colleagues on the Committee on the other side. When the plan finally came to the Senate floor, a majority of Republicans came 'round to her point of view.

She did the same thing later when the appointment of Chester Bowles as Ambassador to India came up for approval. She sided against the Republican Policy Committee, headed by Senator Taft, and voted for Bowles' confirmation. Only five Republican Senators, including Aiken, did so. Why did she act thus? Simply because she thought Bowles was well qualified for the job.

It should be emphasized, however, that none of these three Senators belong to what is known as the "mavericks," a small group in Congress whose unpredictable and erratic voting records cut heavily into their effectiveness as legislators. A good Senator is not a maverick Senator. Taking Benton, Aiken and Smith as examples, it can be said that over the long haul they vote with their party, and break away only whenever they feel the party is wrong. Moreover, they fight to lead their parties down the right road.

They themselves are not always right, nor do they always win their objectives. But conscience demands that they make the attempt. Senator Aiken puts it this way:

"We seldom achieve all we aim for. A good Senator, in my opinion, will take 80 per cent of his objective and be lucky to get it. But on compromise, too, you have to draw a line. You don't give up basic principles, even to get a decision."

Several months ago, a Maine voter wrote to Mrs. Smith complaining that the Senator was veering away from Republicanism. She received an eloquent, four-page letter in reply, in which the Senator drew attention to her voting record. Over a long period she had voted solidly with her party, diverging only when she differed on important issues.

Republican leaders, for example, didn't hide their disapproval when she voted for Universal Military

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Training or for the first extension of the draft law. But she did it, fully realizing that she was courting danger in opposing the party hierarchy.

"I thought we shouldn't be wavering in our defense program," she said firmly.

Even more spectacular in the way he frequently risks his political neck is Senator Benton. He took on wide-swinging Senator Joseph McCarthy against the unanimous advice of all his political advisers and friends. Nor did he hesitate about launching a critical blast against the quality of television programs, another crusade in which the heavy artillery of influential groups was massed against him. In Benton's case this was doubly dangerous, since it not only invited enemies but also cut deeply into the campaigning time he had available for his re-election.

This, then, is the hallmark of the good Senator—that he be a staunch pillar of the party, but never at the expense of principle.

There are, of course, other good Senators in Washington beside Benton, Aiken and Smith. You, the voter, may discover them by looking through their voting records and finding why they vote as they do. This isn't too difficult. Like Benton, Aiken and Smith, they often buck the tide of party, prejudice and personal gain, but also like them, their conscience lets them sleep very soundly of nights.

Odd Man Out! (Answers to quiz on page 89.)

1. BICYCLIST: the only one driven by his own power.
2. GARDENER: the only one not in public service.
3. DRUMMER: the only one not playing a stringed instrument.
4. SIKH: the only Asiatic, amid Africans.
5. ROLLERSKATER: the only one not engaged in winter sports.
6. NEW YORKER: the only one not inhabiting a capital city.
7. CALIFORNIAN: the only one whose state does not border on the Atlantic.
8. ODIN: the only Teutonic god amid classical gods.
9. BOOKKEEPER: the only one not necessarily coming into contact with customers.
10. REGICIDE: the only one not necessarily killing his own flesh and blood.
11. STATIONER: the only one not rendering a personal service.
12. BLACKMAILER: the only criminal not involved in stealing something.
13. PRINTER: the only one not necessarily creative.
14. DEAN: the only one not being a substitute for someone else.
15. AMBASSADOR: the only one *appointed* to office in U. S.
16. ETYMOLOGIST: the only one not dealing with the human organism.
17. DIOGENES: the only real person amid fictional characters.
18. BARBER: the only one catering to non-female clientele.
19. PANTOMIMIST: the only necessarily non-speaking actor.
20. DONDER: one of Santa's reindeer among four of the "seven dwarfs."
21. HOMEOPATHIST: the only one not necessarily concerned with animals.
22. GLADIATOR: the only one not using firearms.
23. VIZIER: the only non-sovereign amid rulers of states.
24. CALLIGRAPHER: the only one concerned with handwriting.
25. BOXER: the only one not playing some sort of "ball" game.

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THE MAGIC RAYS OF BLACK LIGHT

by REED MILLARD

Science changes your everyday life by putting ultra-violet rays to work

STUMBLING OVER a mountainside in midnight blackness, a prospector suddenly shouted with excitement. In the darkness he had found a valuable mineral deposit that he had missed repeatedly in broad daylight.

In the completely dark cockpit of a bomber high over North Korea, a pilot calmly examined a detailed map, without turning on a light.

A patient lies on the operating table. The surgeon pauses in the operation. Is the growth his scalpel has revealed cancerous? He must know the answer before he can determine the extent of the surgery needed. Experiments have shown that he may get it swiftly from a strange new microscope—one that uses light that man can't see.

All this is not black magic, but something close to it. For by creating new kinds of lamps which use invisible rays, science has added a new dimension to human eyesight, with startling results in science, industry, medicine and your everyday life. What science has discovered is remarkably easy to apply, for it is nothing more than a different kind of electric light.

The sharp-eyed genie in this modern Aladdin's lamp was uncorked when researchers in America's big illumination laboratories were tinkering with metals and chemicals that might give off light when electrified. Some were dismal failures, but they did something else that intrigued the engineers. Instead of the familiar kind of light that you can see, they gave off rays called "black light."

Now there is nothing very mysterious about black light. Just as there are sound waves too high, and too low, for your ears to hear, there are light-wave vibrations which your eyes aren't equipped to see. Some of these, the ultra-violet rays, are too short to be seeable, so they are called "black light."

When the rays are turned on ordinary objects, many of them change their appearance and reveal things about themselves that don't show up in ordinary light. Scientists must sometimes coat other objects with a fluorescent material, which gives off visible light when it is struck by a black light.

Walk through any super-market and you will see many foods that

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have been improved by the magic of invisible light. Take any of the many products to which vitamins have been added. Strangely enough, they taste better because of the use of black light.

It started when one large company began getting complaints from customers, who agreed that the vitamin-enriched product was undoubtedly more nutritious but said it sometimes had a strange taste. Chemists told the food manufacturer what the trouble was: sometimes the vitamin compound was not being thoroughly mixed in. If he could find the products in which it was improperly distributed, he could stop the trouble.

How could they be spotted? The light sleuths had a quick answer. Just let the products pass through a darkened booth, where they would be exposed to ultra-violet light. The ones containing the undistributed vitamins would glow.

A manufacturer who was offered a large shipment of olive oil, "just imported," wanted to be sure of its quality. It looked good, tasted right, but as a final check he had samples submitted to a food-testing laboratory. In a dark room, under black light, the oil glowed blue and the testers shook their heads. "Cotton-seed oil," they reported. Genuine olive oil, quite appropriately, has a greenish glow.

You may not know it, but the clothes you wear are protected by the uncanny talents of black light. Look at how it helped a clothing maker who had just purchased a large quantity of cloth. Fortunately for him, he was one of the many manufacturers who routinely submit textile purchases to the piercing scrutiny of ultra-violet rays.

To the human eye and even to chemical tests, the cloth looked fine. But under black light, brightly colored spots showed up. The material was improperly dyed. The clothing maker refused to accept the shipment and customers were saved from buying garments that could not have withstood repeated cleanings.

Another textile-industry device that uses black light protects you from falling in theaters and public buildings. A theater-owner asked rug makers if they couldn't do something to take the danger out of darkness. What they came up with is carpeting into which is woven fluorescent yarn. In the invisible ultra-violet rays from lamps in the theater ceiling, the yarns glow and softly light the floor.

As a new kind of detective, the trick of invisible chemical markings has put the finger on many unsuspecting criminals. One group of counterfeiters had worked out a scheme to fake the stock certificates of a national company. Their multi-million-dollar scheme was instantly detected when a special code, visible only in black light, was found missing.

Police often use a powder which is invisible in ordinary light but which glows bright green in the rays of black light. It helped solve a series of thefts on the campus of an Eastern college. As the thefts continued, every student felt himself under suspicion, and the atmosphere was getting tense.

Police planted a wallet containing bills dusted with the invisible powder. It soon disappeared. Immediately, all students were asked to report to the Field House, where

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each was examined under the searching rays of an ultra-violet lamp. The hands of two students glowed in the black light—and the case was solved.

Thousands of prospectors scrambling over Western mountains in the search for tungsten, a mineral the U.S. desperately needs for defense, now do their hunting at night. For scheelite, an ore from which tungsten is extracted, glows a brilliant blue when exposed to black light.

Amazingly, one of the biggest deposits of tungsten, containing at least $100,000,000 worth of the mineral, was "discovered" in Washington, D. C., 2,000 miles away. It happened when members of the U. S. Geological Survey were prospecting in Idaho. They weren't looking for tungsten—nobody thought there was any in the region—but for antimony ore. As a matter of routine, they sent samples back to Washington for analysis.

There, scientists exposed the ore to ultra-violet light. To their surprise, it glowed a brilliant blue. It could mean only one thing—the prospectors had stumbled upon a tungsten find! For only scheelite glows with that particular color.

Black light is even letting amateurs in on the tungsten bonanza. Thousands of rock collectors, more intrigued by a fascinating hobby than by the lure of profits, have acquired simple battery-powered ultra-violet lamps that sell for as little as $12.50, and are prowling around at night, tracking down some of the hundreds of rocks which glow under black light.

While working with black light, scientists discovered a surprising fact about human vision—some people can actually see the black light which is invisible to most of us. University of Rochester scientists found that out during World War II, when they hit on what looked like a brilliant scheme for enabling planes to land on darkened carriers.

The idea was that the plane would turn on a black-light searchlight, the rays of which would strike fluorescing buttons arranged at intervals on the carrier. A special system of mirrors would reflect the light back to the plane along a narrow beam invisible to an enemy plane, even if it were alongside a U. S. Navy craft. Thus, to the pilot of a friendly plane, the carrier would appear to be outlined in visible light, while to the enemy plane it would be invisible.

Older scientists and admirals thought the system was wonderful, but some young blond lieutenants blasted the scientific plans. They announced they could see the ultra-violet searchlight on the approaching planes!

This was the Navy's painful introduction to the fact that some people, particularly younger ones, and, oddly, often those with blond hair, can see certain ultra-violet rays. They have eyes lacking in a yellow substance which blocks out ultra-violet rays from most people's vision.

Dr. Franz Urbach, of the Kodak Research Laboratories in Rochester, has had considerable success in finding other important jobs for ultra-violet. One of them puts the versatile vibrations to work in testing the stresses and strains of new machinery by a whole new science

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called "thermography."

To see how it works, walk into a darkened laboratory, loud with the clatter of a racing motor that is being tested. By coating the motor with phosphorus, and then turning black light on it, test engineers are able to get an exact picture of just what parts of the motor get hot, and how hot they get. Hot parts glow a dark blue; cooler ones a light blue.

Nature herself has contrived to make black light play a fantastic role in your life. For this unseen radiation which reaches us in sunlight, keeps us all alive by creating the vital vitamin D. Yet strangely, this life-giver from the sun is also a potential killer.

The sun sends out huge quantities of ultra-violet, most of which, though it comes smashing into our atmosphere, never reaches the earth. If it did, the strange effect that large amounts of ultra-violet have on living cells would kill them.

Why doesn't this black light reach us? The answer leaves the scientists themselves a little awed, because the process is a dazzling example of Providence at work in making our planet livable in a universe of hostile forces. According to Dr. Rudolph Nagy, Westinghouse black-light specialist, when this highly energized invisible light hits oxygen, it changes it into a different form which we call ozone. And then, miraculously, the speeding rays are stopped by the tiny layer of this odd oxygen which they themselves have created!

The mystery of black light's effect on living creatures is constantly being probed by science. In 1903, biologists discovered that when ultra-violet rays from the sun struck germs, they died. Something in these hurtling packets of energy could destroy life.

Working year after year in the great laboratories of Westinghouse and General Electric, researchers finally found out just which wavelengths of ultra-violet were the germ slayers. More patient work enabled them to create lamps that would give off these lethal rays.

The result is new safety in operating rooms, in the food industry, in the laboratories of pharmaceutical houses that make the wonder drugs. Here in the blue haze of death from ultra-violet lamps, contaminating germs die before they can do harm. Now made in a simple, inexpensive form, the germ-killing lamps are adapted for home use. Already available in refrigerators, they promise to make the home of the future germ and virus free.

What will science do next with black light? Not even the experts can answer that question, but they are willing to predict that the magic light you can't see is just getting started on its spectacular career.

Such People!

WE JUST HATE to have some people give us their advice, when we know how badly they need it themselves. —*Barber County (Kan.) Index*

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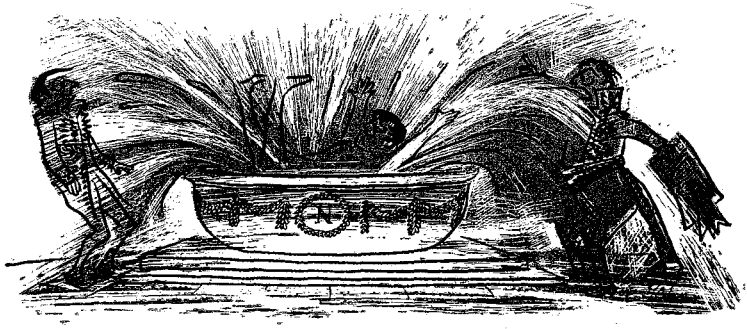
HISTORY IN A BATHTUB



by GERALDINE YOUCHA

THOMAS JEFFERSON waited anxiously in Washington for news. Cabinet members had been alerted at their homes. Meanwhile, thousands of miles away at the Tuileries, a chapter in the history of the United States was being decided in a soap-and-scent-filled bathtub.

Immersed in suds, Napoleon Bonaparte was presenting a plan which was to change the map of the Western World. "I have made up my mind to sell!" he said.

"Nonsense!" his brother Joseph exclaimed. "You can't do that. Why, it's been just a few weeks since Spain ceded it back to us!"

Lucien, the other brother, was silent. He knew how stubborn Napoleon could be. Then, as Joseph became more disturbed, he put in timid support: "I hope the Chambers will not give their consent."

At this, Napoleon waved to his valet to bring the towels. "Gentlemen," he said with finality, "I don't care a fig for your opinions. If England declares war on us, we'll never be able to defend those isolated swamps and forests. The sale will go through without your consent, or the consent of anyone at all. Is that clear?"

Angrily, Joseph thrust his way over to the steaming tub. "Now *you* listen to me!" he said, trying to control his temper. "If you try this, I'll oppose you in the Senate. I'll defeat your fantastic scheme, however long it takes!"

Livid with rage now, Napoleon gripped the sides of the tub and pulled himself almost upright. "Why, you insolent . . ." he began. Suddenly his foot slipped and the great Napoleon landed with a splash in the water. Waves of perfumed liquid poured over Joseph's clothes and his face.

Watching the flood, Napoleon burst into chuckles. Joseph sputtered in speechless fury, mopping at his eyes, the limp ruffles of his shirt, his brocaded vest. Then he caught sight of the mess in one of the many gilt mirrors. He began to smile. Soon, the three brothers were laughing uncontrollably.

So, because Napoleon slipped in his bathtub, all opposition disappeared—and France sold the Louisiana territory to the United States.

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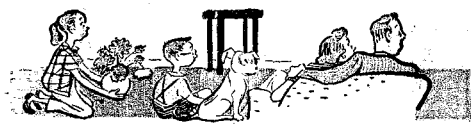
Unfurled from



Celebrity Sidelights

Shortly after completing his first major role, Gregory Peck went to New York for a vacation. When he and a companion tried to enter the Stork Club, they were told that all the tables were occupied and they would have to wait. When Peck's companion whispered, "Tell them who you are, Greg," the actor replied:

"If I have to tell 'em who I am, I ain't." —IRENE FRANCIS

With the Critics

A well-known quiz program was under discussion during a dinner party at the sponsor's home. Some rather unkind criticism culminated in a woman guest asking the host suspiciously: "What proof is there that the contestants have not seen the questions beforehand?"

To which came the acid reply, "The answers, my dear!"

—ELEANOR C. WOOD

Filmland Fables

A famous book was being adapted for the screen and the author was fighting valiantly for a line of dialogue he wanted retained. After a good deal of argument back and forth, the producer flatly stated: "No—it must come out, otherwise the film may be censored."

The writer wept: "It's the last line left from the book, and I'm kinda sentimental about it!" —*Tit-Bits*

Sgt. William J. Crawford, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, was assigned as a technical adviser to "Force of Arms." Watching William Holden make love to Nancy Olson, Crawford turned to the director and apologized for not being helpful. "This sort of thing," he said, "isn't covered in Army regulations." —HY GARDNER

Dale Robertson was lounging around on location in six-guns and belt when he was asked by a five-year-old nipper, "You a good man or a bad 'un?"

Robertson answered, "Bad 'un."

The kid took his measure with, "Boy, oh boy, I'd run you in, but I gotta go home for my nap."

—*Tales of Hoffman*

Radio Repeats

Desi Arnaz, on his "Your Tropical Time" show, was questioning a lady guest who told him she had been married four years and had three children. Desi remarked, "You must like having children."

"Absolutely," was the guest's quick reply. "I wouldn't think of having anything else."

—MRS. FLORENCE OLSON

Show Business

Some years ago when Lena Horne, the now-famous Negro singer, was starting her career, among many of the successful artists who recognized her ability and helped her get a foothold was George Jessel.

Taking her to dinner at a famous

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the Show World

restaurant, Mr. Jessel was stopped at the velvet rope leading down the steps to the dining room. The elegant creature presiding over the barrier inquired loftily: "Sir, who made your reservation?"

Jessel eyed him coldly and said: "Abraham Lincoln." —Mary Alkus

Rehearsals of a Little Theater group were postponed as the director and the leading man both became fathers of boys.

The play in rehearsal? "Born Yesterday." —Jana Guerrier

Quick Quotes

New York disc-jockey Bill Williams has a favorite comment about his early days in radio: "I was so poor I had to save up to weigh myself." —Hilda Heym

"My mother told me so much about the birds and bees that I had a terrible time getting interested in men." —Judy Canova

Airlines

On a "Tex and Jinx" program Sam Goldwyn described a friend of his this way: "He's a very clever genius." —NBC

Take a young man of 20—all he thinks about is love. Take a man my age—all he does about love is think. —Arthur Godfrey

Columns Write

We hear the sweater girl is going out—and every night too. —Earl Wilson

Radio will never be wholly satisfactory to the listener until he can turn off unpopular programs with a click that will be heard in the studio. —Irving Hoffman

Groucho Marx, pointing to a radio he had just purchased: "I bought it at the cheapest possible price—I got it retail." —Leonard Lyons

Bob Hope is working on a new deal with Paramount whereby Paramount is allowed to make one outside picture a year. —Sidney Skolsky

Quiz Quotes

A young girl on a quiz show was asked how many ribs a man has. When she did not know, an older woman gave the correct answer. "No wonder she knows," muttered the first contestant angrily. "She's married!" —CBS

"Let's go out tonight and have some fun," a wife remarked on Groucho Marx's television program "You Bet Your Life."

"Okay," replied her husband agreeably, "but if you come home first, leave the lights on in the living room." —NBC

TV Takes

They are still laughing over the time Artie Shaw was the "mystery celebrity" on "What's My Line?" and panel member Hal Block asked innocently: "Have you ever been married?" —Paul Denis

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FRED WARING KEEPS ON TOP IN MUSIC

by RICHARD GEHMAN

FRED WARING, a friendly and informal man of 52 who looks like 42 and sometimes behaves like a high-spirited 22, has been a top-notch bandleader for so long that most people take him for granted.

Thirty-six years is a long time for a man to be in any kind of business, but in the music business, where cycles run like the tides, it is phenomenal. Even Waring sometimes wonders at his own durability.

He has outlasted all sorts of musical crazes—sweet, swing, hot jazz, Latin American—simply by playing his own type of music in his own way. His own type of music is everybody's type. The keynote of his style is variety, heavily charged with showmanship.

A typical Waring program may include popular tunes, spirituals and folk music, hillbilly and Westerns, music from other lands, comedy songs, a hymn, a medley of semi-classical selections, several Waring originals and some old favorites, all served up with vocals galore and dazzling instrumental specialties. He hates blatant jazz, as entertainment, but includes one number in practically every program because he knows some listeners like it.

For this reason, and because he hires only top-flight musicians who can double as singers and entertainers, Waring's popularity has never waned. If anything, it is greater than ever. His General Electric Sunday evening show on CBS-TV draws around 10,000,000 viewers, while his annual tour of one-night concerts attracts hundreds of thousands more.

The manner in which Waring conducts these one-night stands is a testament to his popularity. He and his Pennsylvanians present two-and-one-half hours of continuous musical entertainment. At the midway point he says, "Let's all stand and stretch." The audience and orchestra and vocalists rise for 60 seconds, sit down again, and the show goes on. Waring, who has been on his feet all along, sits for the 60 seconds.

When Waring first went on TV, insiders predicted he was due, at last, for a fall. All-musical programs often tend to become monotonous,

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and few orchestra leaders have been able to make the difficult transition from radio.

Waring scored by applying his twin formulae of variety and showmanship. He built the first half of each program around a central theme: big-city life, a tropical cruise, Monte Carlo, the Pennsylvania Dutch country and the like. He selected appropriate songs and, with his staff, wrote new ones to fit in. He encouraged his set designer, Sam Leve, to let his imagination run wild.

He instituted a hunt for talented college youngsters, and brought the best in as guest performers. He got an enormous traveling-boom camera, affectionately called "The Monster," which enabled technicians to come up with startling visual effects.

The result was a show that moves so fast the audience is seldom aware that closing time is approaching. Critical rating has been high from the beginning.

Waring, who is by now something of an American institution, runs the Fred Waring organization —which includes 180-odd people and occupies an entire floor of a building on New York's Broadway and a complete building at Shawnee-on-the-Delaware—as though it were another great American institution: the family.

The people who work for him do not resemble the general run of showfolk. Seeing a Waring rehearsal, a veteran Broadwayite once remarked, "This a TV show? It looks more like a camp meeting!"

The Waringites, taking a cue from their leader, are healthy-looking, contented men, women and youngsters. They love Waring, but not merely because he pays them so well. They love him because he seems to think he is their father.

Waring calls everyone by his first name, and worries constantly about his people's families, careers, hobbies, and physical and mental conditions.

"Wear galoshes!" he cries on rainy days. "I don't want anybody coming down with a cold!"

So great is his concern for individuals that he once interrupted a critical dress rehearsal, came down off his podium, and took a cinder out of a vocalist's eye.

Like any head of a happy family, Waring enjoys a certain amount of horseplay with his gang. He used to pretend that he lived in constant fear of the stage hands dropping sandbags on him. For the last telecast of the season, the grips spent hours stringing together paper cups, placing them on a rafter high above the leader's stand.

As he was signing off, one stagehand pulled a string and the final announcement was punctuated by a cascade of falling paper cups that filled the nation's TV screens.

"Sandbagged at last!" Waring cried, breaking into laughter.

He maintains family harmony by handpicking members. Often on the road he meets a youngster who impresses him, and gets to know the prospect as well as he can. A year or two later, he may send out a hurry call for the performer to join the entourage.

It is a Waring family saying that a job with Fred is a lifetime career. Drummer Poley McClintock was in the first four-piece band with young Tom and Fred Waring, or-

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ganized when all were in high school in their home town of Tyrone, Pennsylvania. Fred Culley, assistant orchestra conductor, has been on hand 26 years. Six others are 20-year veterans. Five are grandfathers. Waring and other old-timers refer to five and ten-year members as "those new kids."

Waring is constantly encouraging his people to do creative work, and has introduced and recorded hundreds of original songs by Waring crew-mates. He has himself written more than 100 college songs to order.

Fred also loves to do every job himself. "He would copy arrangements as he did in the old days, if he had time," Lara Hoggard, assistant conductor of the chorus, says fondly. However, Fred has learned to delegate authority to the point where the TV show is a cooperative enterprise, with Bob Banner, a 29-year-old, acting as producer and general supervisor, but Pappy still maintains a firm grip.

"I've been waiting 25 years to see him mellow and slow down with age," says Fred Culley, "but for him, it'll never come."

Waring has three children: Dixie entered Penn State this fall on her 18th birthday; Fred, Jr., 16, and Bill, 14, attend the Hill School, where Fred is very active with a Dixieland band. Waring loves kids of all ages.

Despite his intensely paternal feeling for his outfit, Waring is a stern and often irritable perfectionist. The Waring temper is an affectionate legend to veterans in the band and chorus. He blows up often, but invariably five minutes after he has called down a musician, he manages to find some reason to compliment him.

There is good reason for these small outbursts. Waring has devoted his life to getting absolute precision out of orchestra and chorus. TV disturbs him mildly because of the necessity for moving singers all over the set in order to get pleasing visual effects. The movement will not permit the old precision.

"I could do ten half-hour radio shows in the time it takes to do a single half-hour on TV," he says.

Fortunately, he has an uncanny ability to change his personality the instant he steps off a rehearsal set. The pressure simply evaporates, and he becomes charming and quietly witty, ready to take a hand in the small-stake poker game that has been going on among the musicians for a quarter-century.

Waring's mother used to fret a good deal because her boy worked so hard. Her name was Jessie Calderwood Waring, and she and her husband, Frank M. Waring, a banker in little Tyrone, were devout Methodists.

As far back as Fred can remember, he and brother Tom were encouraged to sing and play musical instruments. The elder Warings sang in the church choir, and held informal neighborhood sings at their home.

One of Waring's happiest memories of Tyrone days has to do with his Scouting activities. From the age of nine on, he would trail along after Tyrone Troop One. He was so persistent that the boys finally took him in, even though he was under age. Thus he became one of the first Cub Scouts in the country; it was not until years later that the

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Cubs came into existence officially. Waring's interest has not abated: today he is a member of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America.

Even though he sang with his family, young Fred's voice was never outstanding. At Penn State College he even failed to make the glee club, but this only stimulated him to strike out on his own. Since high-school days, he and Poley and Brother Tom and a friend named Fred Buck had had a group called Fred Waring's Banjazztra, in which the two Freds played banjos, Poley beat the drums, and Tom thumped on the piano.

The long-necked banjo and the musical saw remain today the extent of Waring's instrumental accomplishments. At Penn State he expanded his band and began playing at fraternities and clubs. Collegiate enthusiasm for the group was high.

Fred's big break came in 1921, when he booked a date at the University of Michigan to fill in sets for a big name band. He and his collegians stole the show, and a Detroit theater signed them for two weeks, which stretched to four. By then the band consisted of ten men, doubling 40 instruments. The Detroit date led to others, and the boys never went back to school.

Waring recognized that he had hit upon his own recipe for success: combining musical with visual entertainment. He and his boys, dressed in knickers and loud blazers, caused a sensation everywhere. In Hollywood they made a prologue to "The Freshman" with Harold Lloyd, then "Syncopation." Meanwhile they played theaters, hotels, and dances—but few night clubs. Waring has always turned down night club offers.

Fred continued his climb until 1930, when theater owners, pinched by the Depression, began cutting prices for talent. In California, he produced a musical show which was a flop. He was ready to sell his orchestra when he called them together, took one look at their faces —and decided he couldn't do it.

"I couldn't let them down," he recalls. "So we pulled our belts tighter and went on playing at lower salaries."

Things began to get better in 1932. After six smash months at the New York Roxy Theater, a radio executive came up with an attractive offer. "We'll take the band, but not the chorus," he said.

"Sorry," said Waring.

He said "Sorry" 32 times that year. Finally, in 1933, a cigarette company agreed to take the entire unit, and their radio career began.

Since then, Waring, who cares little for vacations, has never been off the air more than a few months at a time. Today he is never in repose. Even when he is resting, his jaws work steadily at the gum he always chews, and his eyes dart from side to side inquiringly.

Golf is Waring's principal diversion. He shoots in the 70's. Several years ago, to get a course of his own, he bought the famous Buckwood Inn near Delaware Water Gap in Pennsylvania, renamed it Shawnee Inn and started to remodel. He spends the first three days of every week there, going out each morning in good weather to play, but before he has shot ten strokes he has a new idea for changing the course layout. Some years

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ago he began studying golf-course design, and is now recognized as one of the foremost amateur authorities.

There is another good reason that takes Waring to Shawnee each week. Ever since his boyhood he has believed that group singing is one of the keystones of family life. Some years ago, seeking to get his own chorus to sing every word so that it could be understood, he devised a phonetic system for singers, in which words are written down exactly as they are to be sung, directly under the notes.

The system caught on when Waring began answering repeated requests for arrangements from schools and church groups. Before long he had a novel and profitable publishing business on his hands—the Shawnee Press.

Ten years ago, Waring organized a Musical Workshop at Shawnee and invited several hundred college and high-school vocal directors to study his methods. It soon proved successful beyond his dreams. When Shawnee proved too small to handle the applicants, Fred, Lara Hoggard, his vocal director, and a staff of eight spend summers at universities, giving courses for instructors who came from hundreds of miles around. As of next summer, however, the workshop will be quartered in the new building at Shawnee.

Waring sometimes thinks wistfully of retirement, but he is still too energetic to think of it long. Of one thing is he certain: even when he retires from band business, he will not retire from educational work. He is convinced that music has brought him his principal happiness, and he feels this applies to many others.

He has a saying that he repeats so often it has become a Waring byword. "A singing America," he says, "is a happy America."

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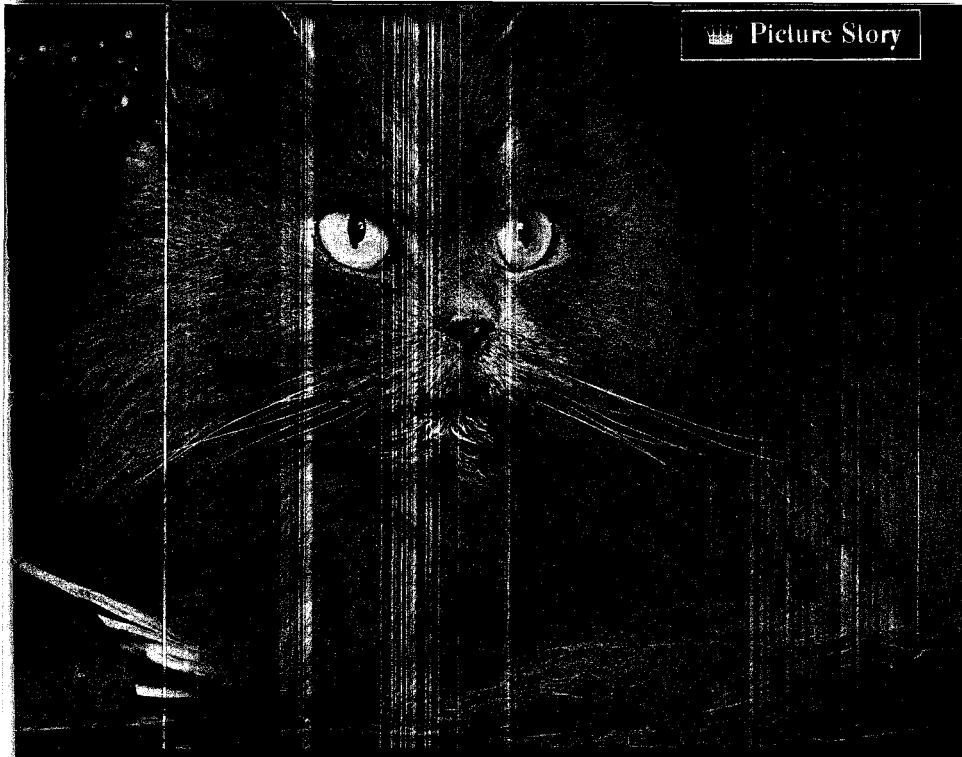

Furry Friends

Photographs by GEORGE CSERNA

NO ONE has ever really "owned" a cat. Many of us have housed, pampered and lost our hearts to these inscrutable creatures, but no mere human has ever succeeded in gaining their subservience—or even their total allegiance. A taste for such luxuries as catnip and satin pillows will lure a cat indoors, but almost inevitably, his deep-rooted urge to dogfight and mousechase—or just to prowl—reasserts itself. Then off goes your pet, and with him, your fond delusions about his fidelity to hearth and home. If you are lucky—and have been generous with niceties—your cat may return, but only when it seems clear that you understand the new relationship: for you, servility; for him, liberty, equality and the pursuit of practically anything.

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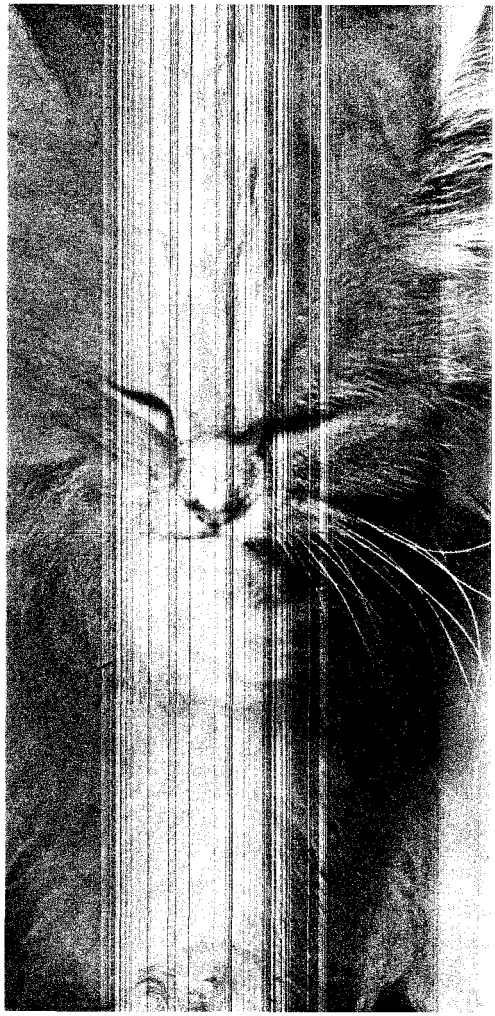

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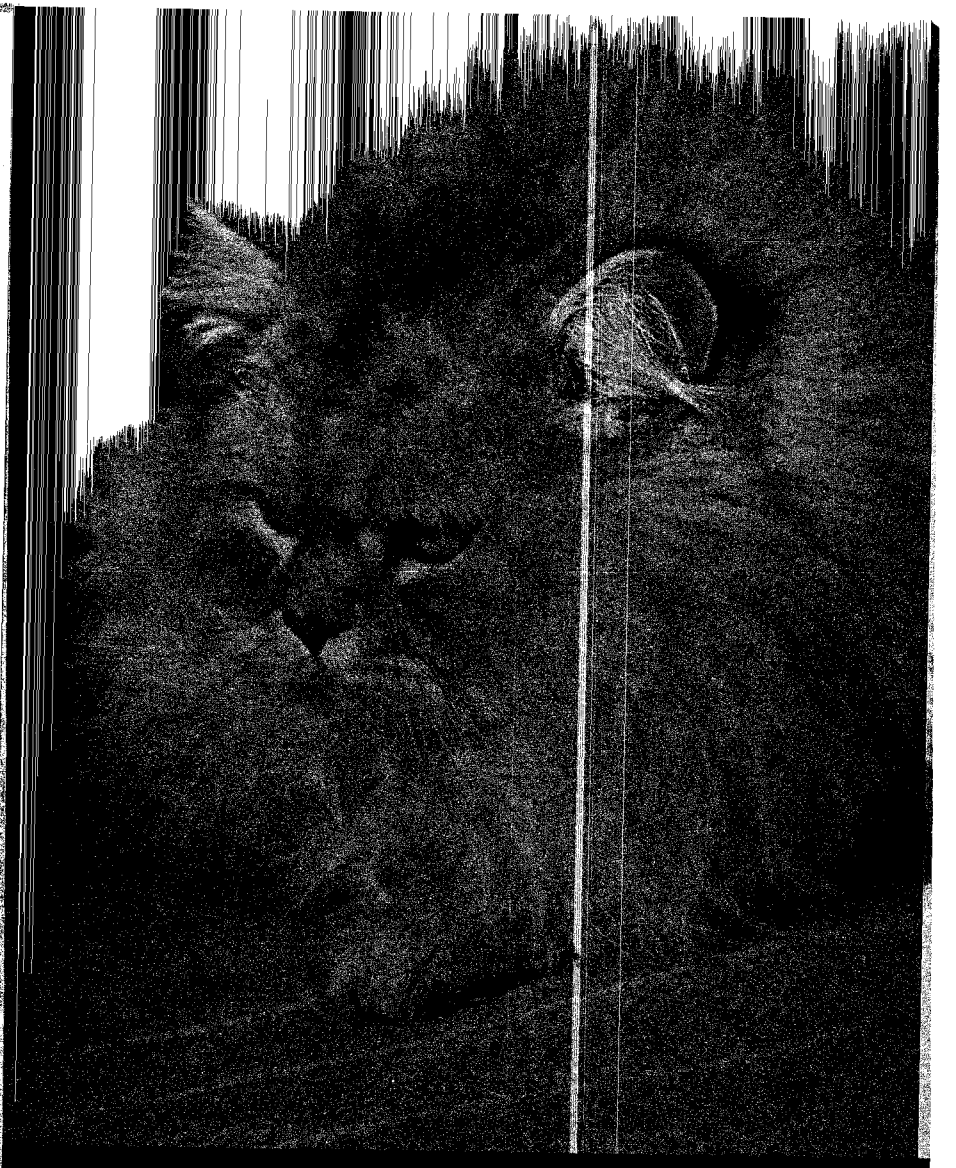

A cat is really a small tiger whose jungle is the wide world. He stalks silently through the tall grass, alert, sinuous, agile. And yet, no one has ever accused a cat of being impetuous. The judicious air in his yellow eyes is no guise. Capable of leaping fantastic heights, he won't even *jump off* a chair without first carefully measuring the distance.

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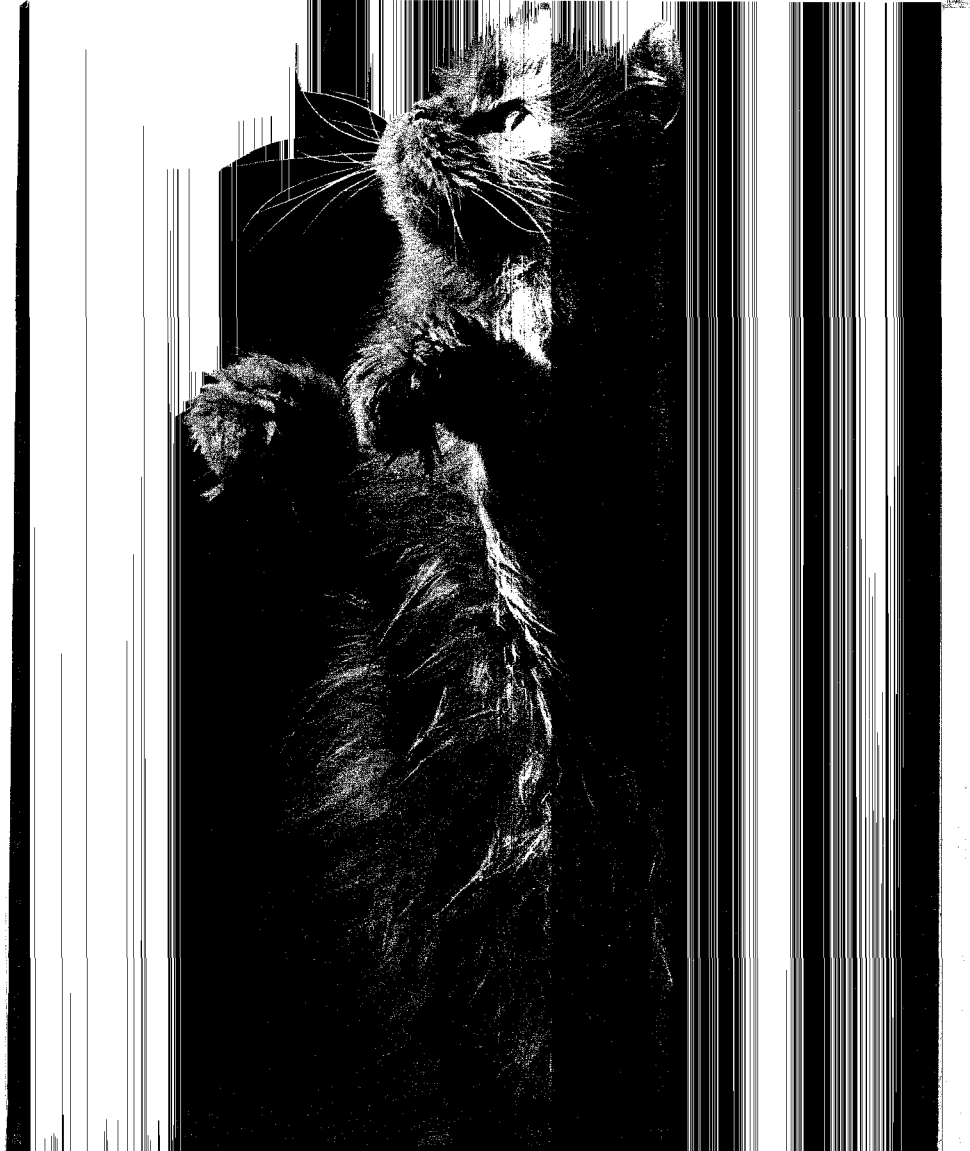

Isn't it odd that an animal whose most common response to people is supreme indifference can, at the same time, excite them to such partisanship? The world is divided between those who adore cats and those who dislike them cordially. Yet rare indeed is the person who cannot be made to surrender his heart to a cat determined to win it.

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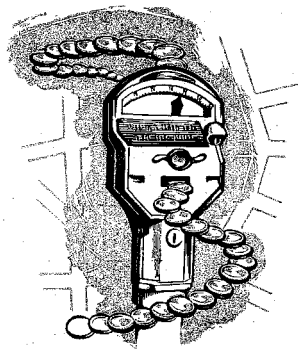
Parking Meters Have Become . . .

Gold Mines at the Curbstone

by NORMAN CARLISLE



REPORTERS AND newsreel cameramen gathered on a street in Oklahoma City one day in 1935. They had to fight their way through a crowd of citizens, many of whom seemed angry, amused, or just puzzled.

"Against the law," some muttered, while others shook their heads and predicted, "It'll never work. The people won't stand for it!"

But one man among the throng was the picture of smiling confidence. For Carl Magee this was a moment of triumph, and gloomy forecasts didn't bother him. As "father of the parking meter," he was convinced that there were big things ahead for the invention whose first installation had so riled the citizens of the Oklahoma metropolis.

The predictors of defeat turned out to be wrong, and Magee right. Yet even he, for all his optimism, could hardly have pictured the dizzying future for the gadget he had fought to develop. Today it has become a curbstone colossus, a familiar sight on the streets of some 3,000 American cities, where more than 1,000,000 meters channel $60,000,000 a year into municipal coffers.

In the past three years alone, the number of meters has increased by more than 50 per cent, with only one large city, Baltimore, still without them. Six leading manufacturers, who are turning out nickel-snatchers at the rate of 200,000 a year, predict that even this city will have them. They point to their coup in New York, long opposed to meters. It finally broke down and ordered a trial 1,500 machines in 1951. These are still in use.

Though offhand this may sound like gloomy tidings for motorists, it can actually be good news. For, applied in a new way, the parking meter may be the tool that will solve the motorist's No. 1 headache, the parking problem.

The meter idea is older than you might think. As far back as 1918, inventors were dreaming up clumsy, clock-operated mechanisms to time a parking period. But it took a brash individual like Magee of Oklahoma City to plunge into a business that his predecessors had given up in despair.

Brashness was something Magee had plenty of. As a New Mexico newspaperman back in the mid-20's, he had blown the lid off the

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Teapot Dome oil scandal that rocked Washington. In his home town, Oklahoma City, to which he returned after selling his newspaper in New Mexico, he was picked as chairman of a committee to investigate traffic problems.

When Magee started nosing into the puzzler, he decided that the whole trouble was caused by motorists who worked in downtown stores and offices, and hogged the parking places for day-long intervals. The poor shopper didn't have a chance.

Brooding over the problem one sleepless night, Magee came up with an idea: why not a slot machine to collect a coin payment for parking? Next morning he started work on a crude contrivance which soon had him stumped. He went to see engineering professor G. A. Hale at Oklahoma A. & M. Could Hale get the bugs out of it? The professor emerged with a shiny aluminum affair that took in nickels with aplomb.

Together the two men formed a company and optimistically started making meters. Oklahoma City officials hesitantly agreed to try them in two blocks. But on the first day, results looked bad for Magee and Hale. The metered parking places remained starkly empty, and angry storekeepers bombarded city officials with complaints.

However, a few days later, as it became apparent that the meters helped shoppers, and thereby business, the merchants' angry tune changed and they began clamoring for more meters.

For the hopeful inventors, this was by no means the end of all troubles. Many parkers blithely ignored the meters: no city, they claimed, had any right to charge for the use of a public thoroughfare.

When the case went to court, the motorists got a jolt. The judges checked back and discovered that, in 1805, a court had ruled that a storekeeper had no *legal* right to park his horse and wagon in a public street.

Though meter cases were fought through court after court in many states, the ruling stuck. Within a year, Dallas, Long Beach, Calif., and Kansas City, Mo., were trying out the new invention. And today, despite the clamorous protests of certain irate citizens, meters are bringing a glittering flood of coins into the treasuries of communities all over the country.

"It's almost too good to be true," says one satisfied city official. A meter costs anywhere from $46 to $75, installed by the manufacturer. But the city doesn't have to pay a cent to begin with. The companies provide the meters, put them in place, and then usually get 50 per cent of the proceeds, until the machines are paid for.

Usually, this is an astonishingly rapid process. In Philadelphia, trial meters were paid for in less than a year, which is probably average. After that the profits roll in. In Evanston, Illinois, the average daily take from a meter is 23 cents. Deducting all expenses of maintenance, servicing and policing, 15 cents is added city revenue.

Philadelphia figures an annual take of $1,360,000, against costs of $230,000. Denver's meters took in $373,513 in a recent year.

What becomes of these profits? In some communities, the money simply goes into the general treas-

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ury, leading to tax reductions in a few places. In most cities, public outcry has forced officials to set aside meter income in special funds.

The New York City ordinance, created after years of wrangling, is typical. It provides that income from the meter charge there shall go into a "traffic improvement fund," to be spent for new signals, added traffic police, or for anything else that may help unsnarl traffic.

ONE SOURCE OF revenue which, contrary to popular opinion, the police take no delight in collecting, is the income from fines. The general view that the standard $1 fine is too stiff for a few minutes' overparking is gaining ground. For instance, in Edenton, North Carolina, the motorist gets a crack at a cut-rate fine. When he gets a ticket, all he has to do is hustle to the police station and deposit a coin in an indoor meter.

If he reports within an hour after his meter-time has expired, he deposits only a nickel. If he comes two hours late, he deposits two. If he turns up 24 hours later, he'll have to pop in 24 nickels. Most motorists put in a prompt appearance.

Charging out-of-towners for parking is such a ticklish business that, in many cities, police simply ignore expired signs on meters. Other communities have licked the problem by turning to courtesy stunts, similar to the one employed in Kerrville, Texas. There, if an out-of-state motorist overparks, someone deposits another nickel for him. He will also find a ticket: "Through courtesy of the Kerrville Police Department, you have been saved a $1 fine. If you would like to return this card and a nickel to be used again, just mail them to the Chamber of Commerce."

John Fulton, a merchant in Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, has gone farther than that. In front of his store he keeps a cup full of coins. A sign reads: "Free Parking. Help Yourself."

Meter collectors have a jaundiced view of the lengths to which people will go to save a nickel. They will try anything they can get in the meter in an attempt to trip it—paper clips, streetcar tokens, buttons. One woman even dropped in her wedding ring. She didn't have a nickel, she explained later at the police station, where she went to reclaim the ring.

Slugs, of course, are the most common device. In Salt Lake City, normally a law-abiding city, 22,794 slugs were collected in a single year. Though some meters are said to reject slugs, the major answer to this headache has been to provide a viewing device. It gives the cop on the beat a magnified view of the last coin, which is retained behind a lens until the next is dropped in.

A tougher headache is the problem of foiling people who, far from merely trying to avoid putting good money into meters, want to take some out. Such petty larceny takes a variety of forms. In a few cases, muscular thugs have smashed open meters with hammers. Others, applying more finesse, have found that with certain meters, it is possible to give them a gentle tap, making the coins bounce right out.

Police in Houston were puzzled when they discovered a small boy making his way from meter to meter on a downtown street. At each

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one he applied his mouth to the meter. What was he up to?

"It's easy," he told the officers. "If you just suck real hard, the nickel comes right up. Then you hold it in the slot with your teeth until you get hold of it."

However handsomely the meters may have paid off to municipalities, the machine, until recently, hadn't made much of a dent on the very parking problem which it had set out to solve. Desperate motorists, cruising around in hopes of finding an unoccupied spot, can testify that the number of cars has outstripped the gain brought by the meter's ability to shoo drivers away from a metered curb.

Now, relieved city officials have come up with a way to use meters to increase parking space in downtown districts. For a vivid example of how it works, take a look at New Britain, Connecticut.

Here was a busy city plagued by a desperate parking problem. Municipal lots were the solution, but there was always the stopper: "Who's going to pay for them?" That is where the meter stepped into the picture.

Close to the downtown district was an eyesore, Lock Shop Pond, which for a century had been collecting industrial wastes. Near it was another ugly spot, an abandoned railroad siding. Today, the pond has been drained, the rusting tracks torn up. Along with another downtown lot that was once occupied by a ramshackle city building, they have become "Parkades," a word you will probably hear often in the future. In them, 750 cars find easy parking.

Turning them into modern, paved lots cost more than $250,000, but it didn't set the taxpayers back a cent. Neat rows of meters will pay off the whole cost in just nine years. The motorist just pops in a quarter for a whole day's parking, far less than commercial lots must charge.

If meters ever disappear from America's streets, it won't be because they have failed, but because they have taken over the bigger job of getting cars off the streets and into self-paying parking lots.

Railroaded!

A COMMUTER, accompanied by his wife and two guests, entered the lobby of New York's St. James Theatre tingling with anticipation at the prospect of at long last seeing "The King and I." With a grand flourish he produced the precious cardboards and presented them to the ticket-taker who handed them back with a polite: "I'm sorry, sir, but these are train tickets."

After a glance at them himself, the host of the evening observed in tones of deep misery, "No wonder that conductor seemed so pleased at the tickets I gave him!"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

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Pigskin Parade

NOTRE DAME WAS playing an innocent little college that somehow happened to get the Fighting Irish on its schedule. The score had gone into three figures for Notre Dame, but the Irish were still tackling and blocking without letup.

The coach of the other team finally called the referee—a timid runt—and angrily protested that he was running out of substitutes and demanded that something be done about the roughness of the game.

"Look at my quarterback," the coach said. "That Notre Dame tackle practically took a bite out of his leg. What are you going to do about it?"

"Well," said the referee, "we could ch-change the game to Friday." —*Jack O'Lantern*

IN 1925, NOTRE DAME was trailing Northwestern at the half by a score of 10-0. The boys were sitting despondently in their dressing room, waiting for Coach Knute Rockne to come in and give them a tongue-lashing. While admitting they had one coming, they dreaded the moment he would open up.

Time passed, and Rockne didn't appear. The suspense grew unbearable. Almost the entire rest period had gone by when the door finally opened and Knute put his head through. The boys braced themselves.

Knute stared around the room, a surprised look on his face. Then: "Excuse me," he said, backing out again. "I thought this was the dressing room occupied by the Fighting Irish!"

Final score: Notre Dame 13; Northwestern 10.

—JACK STRAUSBERG *Now I'll Tell One* (*Wilcox & Follett*)

FOOTBALL SEASON is the only time of the year when girls whistle at men in sweaters.

—ROBERT Q. LEWIS

"WHAT'S THE NEW halfback's name?" asked the coach.

"Osscowinsinsiski," replied his assistant.

"Good," exclaimed the coach with satisfaction. "Put him on the first team. Boy, will I get even with those newspaper sports writers now!"

NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

ONE MAY WONDER if Thanksgiving wasn't originated by parents whose sons had survived the football season.

—*Highways of Happiness*

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THAT MYSTERIOUS LAND CALLED TEXAS

by ROBERT C. RUARK

THERE IS THE STORY of the frantic pilot of the four-engined aircraft who was stacked up, his gasoline depleted, over a small country airfield. He repeatedly requested permission to land, and the permission as repeatedly was denied.

The pilot circled and circled and his gas dwindled and dwindled until finally he barked at the tower: "I don't care what you say, or how small the field is, I'm coming in!".

The tower spluttered another denial, the pilot uttered a short ugly word, and pointed the nose of his big plane downward through the blanket of clouds.

He hit the field after a few near-misses with other planes, bucked and plunged as his wheels touched the short landing strip, stomped his brakes and ground to a halt with his nose planted in the asphalt and the propellers bent. An ambulance whined its siren as it rushed to the plane, and aboard the ambulance was the boss of the tower. As he leaped to the ground, the door of the plane opened.

Passenger after passenger scrambled out. The tower boss stared in amazement. No passenger, male or female, seemed over three feet tall, or appeared to weigh more than 50 pounds. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty midgets—and nothing but midgets—appeared.

Finally the chief pilot, a six-footer, appeared at the door.

"Where in the name of God did you find all these midgets?" the tower chief asked in amazement. "There can't be this many midgets in the United States . . ."

"Hell, Mac," the pilot drawled. "These here ain't midgets. These here are Texans, with all the stuffing scared out of them . . ."

This is regarded as a highly libelous anecdote in a mysterious land called Texas, which is scalloped slightly on the edges by the United States. I told it to a Texan once and he stared at me curiously.

"Ah don't get it, boy," he said. "Down heah, even ouah midgets stand ovah six-foot high."

This is a pretty fair appraisal of a State which may rule the world some day, if it can only shrug off the hampering arm of the rest of the U. S. A. It still maintains a private "navy," in case it should ever need one, and is so bountifully blessed with everything else that it regards the world as a suburb.

In Texas, you never seem to meet anybody but rich millionaires and poor millionaires. There must be somebody in that vast foreign coun-

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try who is behind in his rent and down on his luck, but they keep him tied up in the barn. A poor millionaire is defined as one who has less than 20 million cash in the hip pocket of his Levis. A rich millionaire is one who never borrows less than $70,000,000.

In line of journalistic duty, I made one feeble effort to vanquish this nation of giants with a pen, and wound up in a white Stetson, singing *The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You*, which takes precedence over *The Star Spangled Banner* and even over *Dixie*. The essay, deemed to be somewhat sarcastic, ran as follows:

"Today I am a Texan, pardner. I'm a roper and a fighter, and a wild-horse rider, and a right fair windmill hand. I got cattle in the bank and oil in the ground, and my hat is bigger and whiter than any little old hat you ever did see.

"Yessir, *amigo*, we got the biggest old State and the prettiest little girls and the brightest old sun and the wettest old rain you ever did see. Even our Lone Star monument is taller than the one in Washington. It's *got* to be. They joined us. We never *did* join them.

"The State of Texas is surrounded by the United States, an insignificant colony we saved from defeat in the last war. We would of won it sooner if we hadn't been dragged down by the other 47 States. With Oveta running the Wacs and Nimitz running the Navy and the whole Air Force belonging to nobody else but us, it's a wonder we didn't sue for a separate peace.

"Why, we got Jesse Jones and Amon Carter and George Kelley and Sammy Baugh and Pappy O' Daniel and H. R. Cullen and Glenn McCarthy and the big King Ranch. We got the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande and the big-ship channel all the way up from Galveston. We got Ann Sheridan. We got Mary Martin.

"We got the oil and the ships and the grass and the meat, and the pink grapefruits and the watermelons and the wheat and the cotton. Boy, what we ain't got, we just don't *need!*

"We still got the Texas Navy, and we got the Texas Rangers. Who needs the FBI ? We got spurs that jingle-jangle-jingle, and we wear pick-toed boots and five-gallon hats with our store-bought clothes. *Everybody's rich in Texas. Shoot the other three million!*

"It don't take talent to get rich in Texas, pardner. You just bore a little old hole in the ground, and the oil spurts up, and then all you have to do is buy a diamond ring and a pair of hand-tooled boots and six or eight Cadillacs and then wait for some more oil to come busting up out of the hole.

"We got the tenderest steaks and the biggest shrimp and the hottest barbecue and the fieriest peppers and the most indigestible chili. We wash our feet in foot-washin' whiskey and we slick down our hair with vintage bear grease. We can holler louder than a love-struck coyote and we're always about half-ready to rassle, for money, marbles or nuggets. *Shoot the next four million!*

"Texas women grow taller and stand straighter and their lips are redder and their eyes are brighter than any other women's in the world. Their hair piles higher and their legs sprout slimmer and their sweaters stick out farther. Our music

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is louder and the streets are wider and the sunsets are prettier and the moon is bigger and the race horses run faster.

"Yes, sir, pardner! We got the finest old boys with the truest old hearts and the openest old hands of any State in the Union, and I ain't just whistlin' *Dixie*. Yes, sir-ree! Three days in Houstontown and I got a bow in my legs, adventure in my soul, and Texas in my blood.

"Just slap the silver-mounted, hand-tooled, gold-embossed saddle on the pinto, Slim, and have God ring up the horizon. Old Buck is a-aimin' to canter off into the sunset. I mean he's flat ready to ride!

"*Shoot the next ten million!*"

I filed this insult and fled to New Mexico. I waited for explosions. They came, but not like I expected. The first bulletin was from the Governor, who wanted my autograph, and who made me an honorary Texan for the truthful tribute I had paid his State. Then came a letter from the editor of my Houston paper, who said that he had sold 30,000 reprint copies, at ten cents each, and that the customers were clamoring for more. That's when I quit heckling Texas.

As somebody said at the time, you can't heckle a citizen who believes that if he lives a good life, goes to church and says his prayers, he will remain on in Texas when he dies, whereas if he's wicked he will go to other people's Heaven.

The most wonderful thing about Texans is that they know it's all true. They just don't need corroboration from Washington, or even God. A short note from Jesse Jones, written on the margin of a one-thousand-dollar bill, is sufficient.

Just what is there about this Texas that has brought it so sharply into focus since the war? It's big, but it was big before; and it's rich, but it was rich before; it brags, but it bragged before. Suddenly it becomes a boom, not only in oil and cattle and commerce, but in conversation.

There is only one logical assumption and that's that the people in Texas still *live* big—that there is room for the new rich, that there is opportunity for the new rich to display themselves, that it is possible still, under stringent taxation, for Texans to *get* rich. It is possible to enjoy the money after you make it.

Texan aristocracy is not based on how long you lived there, and pinched nostrils, and the thin blue-blood lines of some long dead ancestor. Texas is what you are, not what you *were* or might yet be.

For example, the good citizens of Houston now have a Social Register. In that register, as carefully compiled as any hand-painted parchment from Boston, is the name of George Kirksey. Mr. Kirksey is a former United Press sports writer and Air Force officer. He is newcome to the land of milk and natural gas, a resident of little more than four years.

But Mr. Kirksey's name adorns the Houston Social Register. This is because Mr. Kirksey compiled the Register, figuring logically that he who creates deserves. It is rather like scrawling a by-line on a particularly exciting chapter of the Good Book.

Mr. Kirksey was rather sharply criticized for including himself in the dossier of the mighty in Hous-

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ton, and was also rather sharply defended. Texas is a land of opportunity, where even a casual visitor, if he is of pleasing mien, is as good as any other rich man who has only been there a couple of weeks. Texas is the last stronghold of democracy as we used to know it.

In the past few years, inspired by all the new magnificence of Houston—and by the fact that mink was a best-seller in Texas and that the Rolls-Royce was doing grand—Texans in the oil belt suddenly started to demurize themselves. That is a word I just made up. It means to quit throwing bourbon bottles at your wife.

They had to start living up to themselves. They all had private planes. The disbanded Air Force got full employment in Texas, driving private planes of the ranchers and the oilmen and the natural-gas men. The diamond industry in Africa shook and quivered under the fresh demand from a new consumer market. A State that once had drunk its whiskey neat from the bottle's neck suddenly discovered the cocktail.

Large white Stetson hats were placed in moth balls, awaiting a trip to the *ausland*, and the high-heeled boot became passe. Hattie Carnegie and Walter Florell fashions moved onto the women, and tea was served of an afternoon. Tea! In Texas! T-for-Texas never meant that before.

Since beef, petroleum and natural gas have now become slightly more precious than rubies, there has been a growing tendency toward lessening of rugged individualism in Texas. Whereas the rich man once rode the range in a Ford V-8, he has now adopted the plane as his horse. Even the rustlers, a while back, were swooping down on grazelands and hustling off a heifer or so in a DC-3. No cow-grower or oilman worth his salt now has less than a couple of planes in his barn, the better for him to visit New York and Miami and Los Angeles.

However, while Texas does have the Shamrock Hotel and the vast King Ranch and as many top race horses as Kentucky; while Texas has its Social Register and Mary Martin and Tom Connally and a growing association with the East, the State has lost none of its insularity or self-confidence. Texans outside of Texas generally manage to convey the idea that they are visiting an amusing slum, and sport an air of veiled impatience at being kept from their native acres.

They seldom wear high-heeled boots in New York any more, but they walk as if lonesome for them. They are regarded as manna by the saloonkeepers and night clubs of the big towns in the East and in California, because they love that cavvy-AR and that bubbly stuff in the bottles.

They will break a guest's arm if he dabs daintily at the check, they never travel in flocks of less than a dozen, and they still throw tips to headwaiters that leave even the hardened guardians of the rope gasping. They will pay any price for their theater tickets, and the race tracks love them dearly. And they always deal in multiples.

A poor Texas oilman I know (income can't be a cent more than $100,000 a month) kept talking about his cows, and I murmured that I'd like to visit his ranch some-

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time, saddle up, and look it over.

"Which ranch, son?" he asked in honest puzzlement. "I *got* five."

Bureaucracy has invaded the actual business of ranching. They run a cow factory today like it was a bank. A guy I know with a medium-sized spread keeps a filing system more involved than a government card-punching machine. By flicking a page he can tell you the middle name of the spotted heifer in the southwest corner of the north forty, and also who was her papa, mama, grandpapa and grandmama. He can tell you her tastes in green salads, and whether she is a candidate for matrimony or the butcher block in Chicago.

There are no empty saddles in this man's corral. It is constructed entirely of steel and concrete and looks like a rat maze. You can drive a critter into one end of the thing and it comes out dipped, drenched, branded, milked, tatooed in the ear, dehorned, tested for all diseases and engaged to be married.

The barns are Quonset huts, the fences steel and concrete. His ranch-house maids wear special uniforms. His ground is so rich, by special scientific nourishing, that if a cow stands too long in one place, she starts to grow leaves on her ears.

In Texas today they even have compasses on the jeeps. The West is still wild and a little woolly in spots, but if Roy Rogers and Gene Autry don't take a refresher course, before long they will find Clifton Webb muscling in on their trade.

There is a lot to laugh at in Texas, and in the Texan's pride in his biggest and bestest everything, but no more exciting place to visit remains on this continent—if you like action and admire enterprise. Real-estate turnover and construction is some towns is such tremendous business that the most important newspaper job is that of real-estate editor, and real-estate news constantly hits front page.

There is an air of feverish excitement that must be comparable to that of the old gold-boom towns. You can see the cities sprout, and the talk is ever of oil, of vast acreages, of huge deals, of multiple millions. It infects the old and the young—that thing of well, I may be broke today, but tomorrow I can hit it if my luck holds. It's there in the ground for the smart ones and the lucky ones.

Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, the ex-Wac chiefess, once remarked that Houston would be an awful nice place if they ever got it finished. I, for one, hope they never do, and the same applies to the rest of Texas. Otherwise the world's tallest midgets are a cinch to start to shrink.

New Teeth for Old Saws

A boy should learn right from wrong at his mother's knee or across his father's. —E. A. CHAFEE

He who hesitates may have to wait a long time before he comes to another gas station.—ROGER PRICE

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WHEN GRANDPA was a youth he studied a popular book called: "The ABC's of Courtship." His grandchildren now want to start with the XYZ's. —*Siftings* (Abilene, Kansas)

INSTEAD OF learning just the tricks of the trade, why not actually learn the trade? —*Hoard's Dairyman* (Wisconsin)

IT ISN'T TYING himself to one woman that a man dreads when he thinks of marrying—it's separating himself from all the others.

—*Fifth Wheel* (Indiana Motor Truck Ass'n.)

TELEVISION across the ocean is promised—then we'll be able to see just where our money is going.

—*Re Saw* (Dubuque, Iowa)

ONE OF THE biggest drawbacks to a foreign army invading the United States would be to find enough parking space.

—*G. E. News* (Schenectady, N. Y.)

ANOTHER UNPLEASANT thing about advice—the better it is, the harder it is to take. —*Nuggets* (Indianapolis, Ind.)

HE WHO LAUGHS last is the one who intended to tell the story himself a little later.

—"*The Grocer-Dizer*" (Arkansas City, Kansas)

WITH SO MANY prices out of reach, we had better be on our toes.

—RICHARD ARMOUR (Claremont, Cal.)

IF YOU LOOK back too much, you'll soon be heading that way.

—*The Gas Flame* (Indianapolis)

IF HOME BUILDING should be restricted again, some future President may once more be born in a log cabin. —*Courier-Journal* (Louisville, Ky.)

NEXT TO BEING shot at and missed, nothing is quite as satisfying as an income tax refund.

—F. J. RAYMOND (Blakesburg, Iowa)

IF YOU CANNOT win, make the one ahead of you break the previous record. —*Tips* (Asheville, N. C.)

THE WOMEN ON television puzzle me. I can remember way back when a woman who had scarcely anything to wear stayed at home.

—IRV LEIBERMAN (Cleveland Plain Dealer)

IT ISN'T HARD to make a mountain out of a molehill. Just add a little dirt.

—*The Weekly Animator* (Colorado Springs, Colo.)

FAMILIES LIVE more harmoniously in some rural areas. They can't pick up but one TV station.

—RAYMOND DUNCAN (Ellaville, (Ga.) *Sun*)

AUTOMOBILE manufacturers put new models through the most grueling tests possible, short of turning them over to teen-age drivers.

—*Grit* (Williamsport, Pa.)

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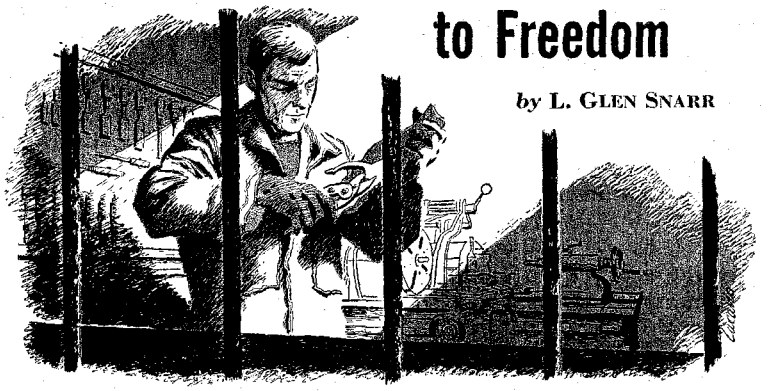
A Prisoner Invents His Way to Freedom

by L. GLEN SNARR



Friendship and faith helped Bob McCoy to build his own big business

OFFICIALS OF A Salt Lake City manufacturing corporation recently called a special meeting to explain their product—a revolutionary metal-cutting shears—to an interested industrialist. The job of demonstrating the new tool fell to vigorous, 58-year-old Robert H. McCoy, its inventor and vice-president of the firm.

Enthusiastically he explained the principle of his shears, then showed what they could do. As the demonstration ended, the industrialist said: "I'm impressed, Mr. McCoy. Tell me, where did you receive your engineering training?"

Corporation executive McCoy hesitated a moment, then with a broad smile answered: "At Utah State Prison. If you doubt me, ask these men." He gestured toward his associates—a judge, a member of the prison's Board of Corrections, and his former warden. "They are the men who helped me. Now we are in business together."

The "graduate" of Utah Prison is Bob McCoy, convicted murderer who today is vice-president of an amazing corporation. It is a corporation based on friendship—the friendship of a community's respected citizens for a man who wanted to help himself. That friendship has paid rich dividends. There have been financial rewards, of course, but more important has been the rehabilitation of a man whose situation was so hopeless that all but a few persons despaired of helping him.

McCoy is a small, crinkly-faced man. His silver hair proclaims his years, but he has more bounce and energy than most men of half his age. His misfortune began on December 5, 1924. What started it, he insists, was an impulse, actually a fateful dare.

Bob was then a skilled welder and machinist. In his spare time he

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tinkered with new devices and took to the mountains on hunting and fishing trips. On that cold December 5th, Bob recalls that he and a hunting companion, Archie Wilcox, were driving near Bountiful, Utah. Bob was telling about his latest invention—an oil filter for automobiles. He mentioned that he needed money to exploit it.

Archie pointed to the Bountiful State Bank, which they were passing, and remarked: "There's all the money you need for that new invention of yours."

"Maybe we ought to rob it," Bob joked.

"You wouldn't dare."

"I would if you would. I need the money."

"Let's go!" Archie said.

They drove around the block, then walked into the bank. In amateurish fashion they scooped up $737, locked two employees in the vault, and fled.

Someone had seen them through the bank window and the alarm was sounded. A posse gave chase.

On an isolated road, the boys' car slid into a ditch. McCoy grabbed his hunting rifle and jumped out, crying: "Make a run for it, Archie! I'll hold them off!"

Archie ran, guns blazed. A Salt Lake City businessman, Roy Heath, who was driving by at the time, was caught in the fire and killed.

The amateur bandits soon were nabbed and charged with murder. McCoy immediately exonerated Wilcox of the shooting. But today, he believes he was too quick with the admission.

"I never shot that man," he says. "I was aiming at the tires, and I was a dead shot. Someone chasing us fired the bullet that killed Heath."

Nevertheless, McCoy was convicted of robbery and murder, and sentenced to life imprisonment, while Wilcox, found guilty of robbery, received an indeterminate sentence. Archie was released after a few years and started to search for evidence that would free McCoy, but without luck.

As the years passed, McCoy became bitter at what he considered injustice. He escaped in 1935, and was recaptured in Minnesota six weeks later.

Because of his mechanical wizardry, he became a valued prisoner and won a reduction of his murder sentence to 25 years. In 1938 he was paroled. But a few months later he drove across a state line to get a job, thus breaking parole, and was returned to prison.

IN 1943, HE AGAIN won a parole. This time, he gave a ride to a couple of "buddies" he had met in prison. It happened that they were wanted by police for burglary, so McCoy was captured with them and implicated in a crime.

Back to prison he went, more bitter than ever. Because of his bad conduct, he was placed in solitary confinement for months.

"I wondered if I'd ever see the sun again," Bob says today. "I almost lost hope."

Lee Neff Taylor, an attorney who had helped him obtain a parole, urged him to forget his bitterness and obey the rules. "He said that if I tried to help myself, there were people who would help me," Bob recalls. "I laughed at him. But it started me thinking and hoping."

He worked hard in the prison

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workshop, often improvising devices to do a job more easily and swiftly. One of his gadgets was found to be commercially usable, but he sold rights to it for a few dollars. Then, in 1946, real opportunity knocked.

One of his jobs required that a long piece of heavy metal be cut. He and a skilled tinsmith labored over it for three days with a conventional cutter.

"It was hard work and the results weren't satisfactory," Bob reminisces. "I wondered what I could do about it."

He started experimenting, using pieces of scrap metal, studying, changing his design, improvising as he went. The result was a metal-cutting shears built from remnants of an old snowplow.

"Watch this," he told the tinsmith, and proceeded to cut through a piece of heavy metal with no apparent effort.

McCoy had devised a new tool, about the size of a pair of pliers, that uses an ingenious double-leverage principle to cut metal easier, quicker and cleaner.

Fellow prisoners hooted when he announced his intention of selling the invention. But Warden Mason W. Hill listened to Bob's story, examined the cutter, talked to him about his plans for the future. Then Hill called former Judge W. Douglas Allen of nearby Murray, Utah. "Can you help this man?"

Judge Allen said he would consider the request. Then, at the prison, a talk with McCoy convinced him. "I'm going to try to help you," he told Bob. "You've earned your chance."

Allen and Hill discussed the situation with Adrian Pembroke, prominent Salt Lake City businessman serving as chairman of the Utah State Prison Board of Corrections. Pembroke, too, talked to McCoy and was moved by the convict's sincerity. "I'll invest in a corporation to help this man," he said, "if you can promise me he'll retain control of his invention."

Soon, the McCoy Tool Corporation was incorporated for $100,000, with Bob as vice-president; Hill, Pembroke and Leonard Ralphs as members of the board; and Taylor as legal representative. Judge Allen was elected president at Bob's suggestion. This was in October, 1949, while McCoy was still in prison.

The new corporation ran into difficulties. It couldn't solve certain designing problems on the cutter and needed Bob's skill to get into production.

Taylor prepared an appeal to the Board of Pardons. Bob personally appeared before it and demonstrated his shears. Also appearing on his behalf was Carl M. Roestenburg, head of a Salt Lake manufacturing firm that had investigated McCoy's invention.

"Is there a reasonable prospect for success?" he was asked.

"Nothing this light will cut heavy metal," the manufacturer replied. "A year of production has been wasted because McCoy hasn't been available to work out certain problems. If he is released, I feel confident the tool will be a success."

The board voted to give the prisoner another chance, and on December 15, 1950, Bob McCoy, convicted murderer and corporation executive, walked out of prison.

The first meeting of the corporation officials was a happy one. It

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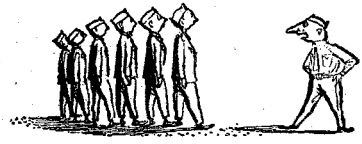
was a reunion of friends—a convict, a warden, a judge and others who had helped a man in his fight for rehabilitation.

Bob McCoy justified their faith. In a few months he solved the problems, and early in 1951, production began. So, too, did sales, with plants, mining firms and defense installations among the purchasers.

McCoy's invention is now a success and there's pride in his voice as he tells about his small but growing bank account. Now he is seeking a home with a lot big enough to build a machine shop. The shop isn't for him—it is to be for underprivileged boys.

"Give a kid something to do and he'll stay out of trouble," he explains. "I want to help kids avoid the mistake I made."

The profits they receive from the invention are insignificant compared with the rich satisfaction that Judge Allen, Adrian Pembroke and ex-Warden Hill get when they see the happiness they have brought to Bob McCoy, a man who once wondered if he would live to breathe the air of freedom and stand in the sun again.



Service Report

THE STAFF SERGEANT had just finished a long lecture to the recruits on why they were in the Army and what their job was. In conclusion he said, "Now I hope you guys know what the hell you are in the Army for."

"Yeah," piped up one brash draftee, "two long years."

—VINCENT J. MALLIA

A MARINE REGIMENT was sent back for a rest after a rough tour of duty at the front. At the base they discovered a contingent of Wacs billeted and awaiting assignment to various posts. The Marine colonel warned the Wac commander that his men had been in the front lines a long time and might not be too careful about their attitude toward the Wacs.

"Keep 'em locked up," he said, "if you don't want any trouble."

"Trouble?" said she. "There'll be no trouble. My girls have it up here." She tapped her forehead significantly.

"Madame," barked the Marine, "it makes no difference where they have it, my boys will find it. Keep 'em locked up." —*The Urchin*

A YOUNG SOLDIER home after three years of duty in Hawaii, was caught driving too fast on one of the capital's boulevards.

Deciding to outsmart the cop, he answered the question, "What's your name?" with "Kamehameha Haleakala Laupahoehoe."

The policeman moved closer. "What's that again?"

"Kamehameha Haleakala Laupahoehoe," repeated the soldier.

"Look, bud," the policeman said, "Kamehameha was a king, Haleakala is a mountain, Laupahoehoe is a town—and I was an MP in Honolulu. Now, quick. what's your name?"

—*Reformatory Pillar (In Quote)*

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Man of Destiny

by HAYWOOD VINCENT

TO A YOUNG CANADIAN of 24, staid old Boston seemed grim and forbidding that autumn night in 1900. He had no friends, no connections, little education and $31 in his pocket. But this was Boston, the "Hub of the Universe." And here he would make his fortune.

That first night in a flophouse didn't dampen his spirits. There is a determination in men of destiny, and this was such a man. He had told himself as much. He would not forget it.

So it was that our man of destiny —a hulking 231-pounder, six feet seven inches tall—found himself a job as a streetcar motorman. The salary—a magnificent $7 a week. Slowly he worked his way into better jobs, performing each with eager intensity. At last he became an equipment supervisor.

One cold winter day he was repairing a stalled subway car. Reaching for a defective wire, he grabbed a hot line carrying 550 volts. There was a sudden flash of light! The powerhouse blew every fuse. Every subway car and elevated train in Greater Boston ground to a halt.

When police and firemen made their way through the smoke and fumes, they found our man of destiny lying in a heap. All the clothing and hair had been burned off his body. His eyelids were burned shut, and his heart-beat was hardly audible.

A doctor at the hospital examined him, found him critically injured and seemingly near death. But somehow, to the amazement of everyone, the patient began to show signs of life. . . .

For long weeks he lay in pain and loneliness. And it was then that destiny claimed her "man." But it was not the pain that changed his life. It was the loneliness. Not once during his ordeal did a representative of his company come to see him.

Almost as a miracle, the pattern of his future suddenly formed. He realized—in another blazing flash —that the difficulties of labor and management were not so much concerned with wages and hours as with the mutual recognition of the dignity of human beings.

As he matured, our man of destiny implemented his purpose with philosophy he learned from his friend Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy—"Never take yourself too damn seriously!"

He passes it out with admirable success to men who stand at dagger points that can affect the very structure of the American way of life. For our hulking man of destiny, once given up as dead in a city in which he found neither friend nor fortune, today has the tough, tricky task of solving the nation's labor problems before they start.

And he's done pretty well, too. His name is Cyrus Ching!

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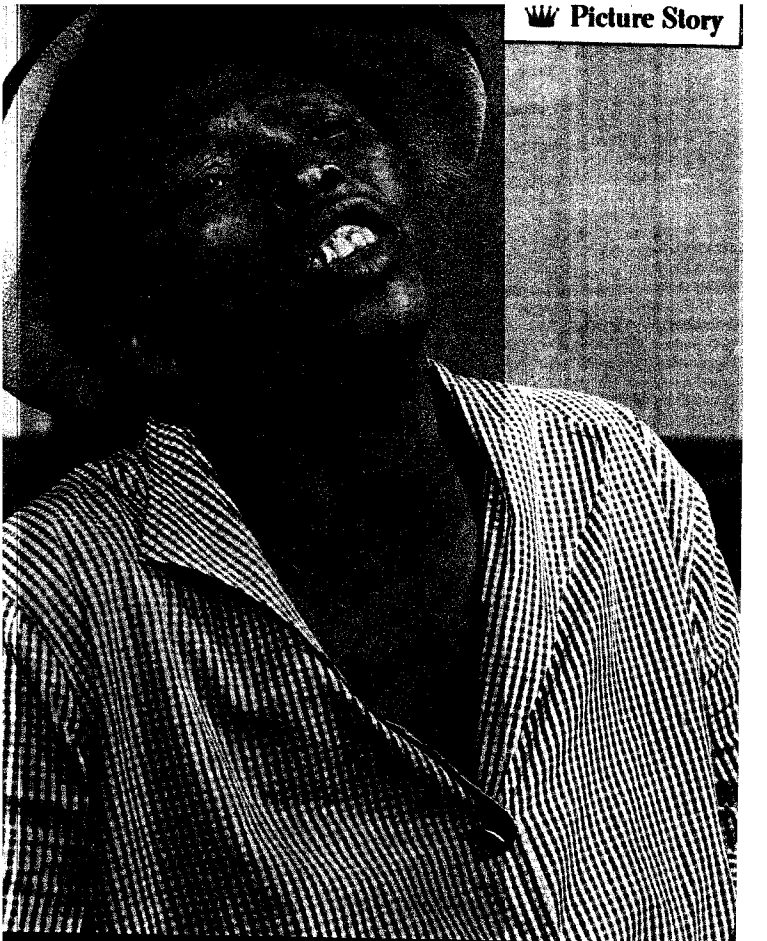
Picture Story



My People Pray

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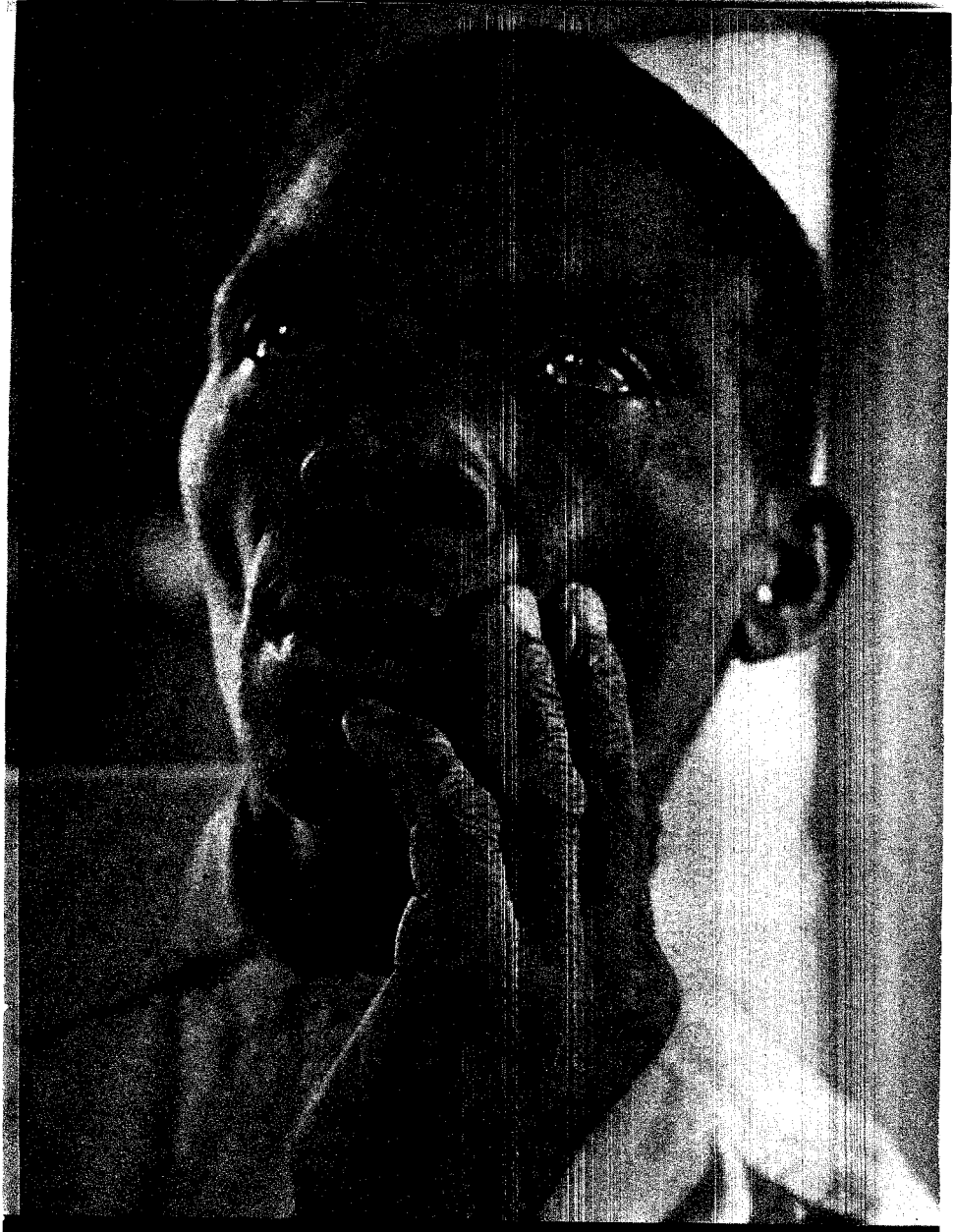

Many worshipers, though outwardly undemonstrative, sense the wonderment of God's love. They have the knowledge of God's magnanimity. It is to them something they feel they know, but aren't sure they can explain. They are of this world, yet also of the world beyond.

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Now and then a moment that cannot be forgotten comes to one. The minister speaks: and in his words you recognize an experience you have felt yourself, but described by him so truly that you can hardly contain yourself. You are bursting, on the edge of shouting "Hallelujah!"

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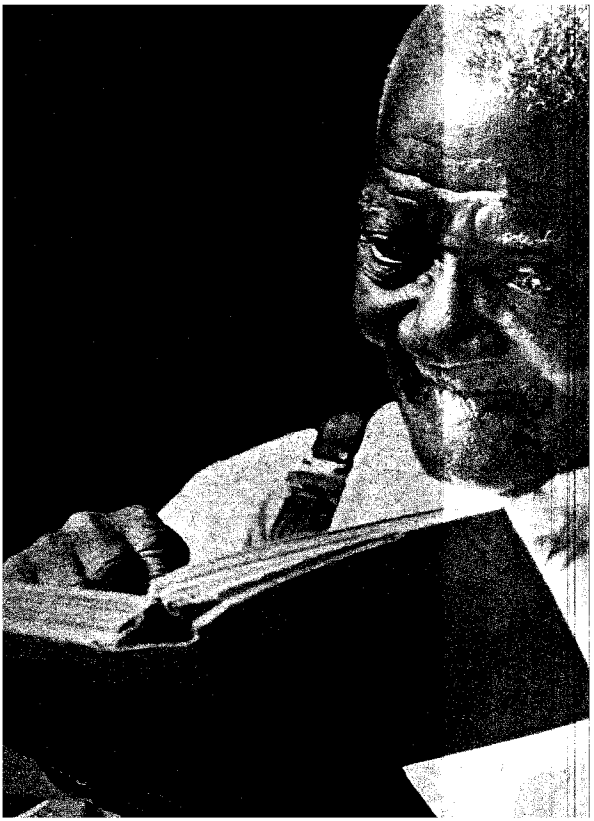

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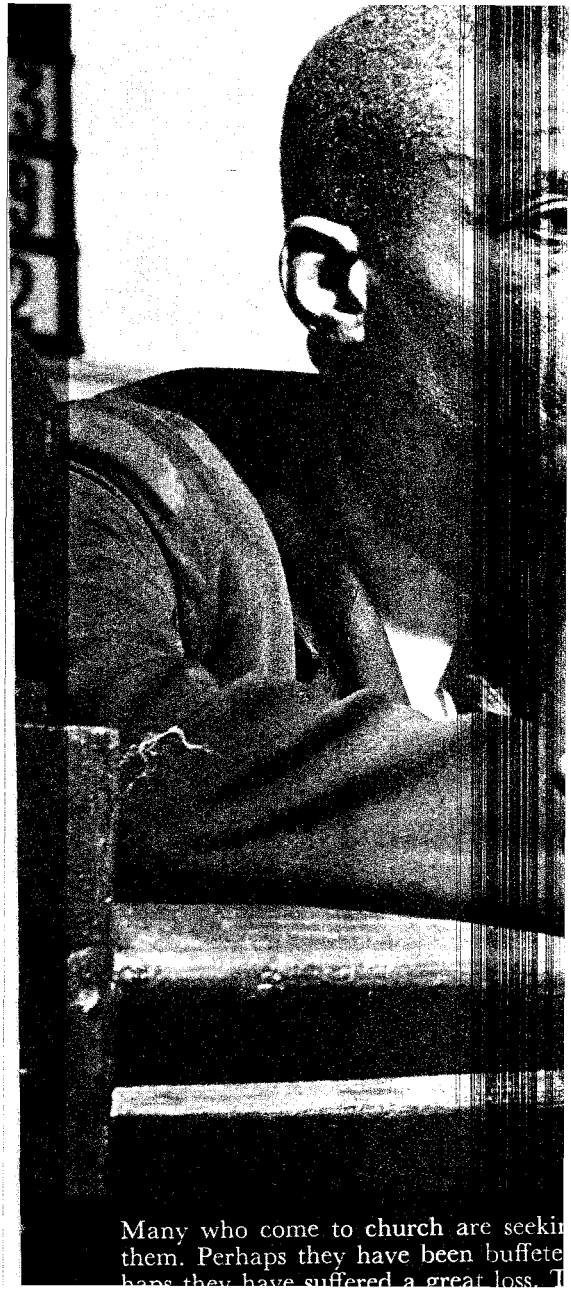

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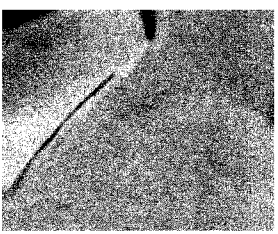

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Free Guide

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No *one* mattress can supply proper rest for all body types. A mattress must "fit" the user's weight and build to be comfortable. That's why Spring-Air offers models in five different support values . . . *one* 'specially for you! See your Spring-Air dealer now.

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California's "CURE TOWN" for Asthmatics

by VICTOR BOESEN

Thousands of sufferers have flocked to Tujunga and found relief almost overnight

IT WAS WELL AFTER midnight, and a low crescent moon dimly outlined the Verdugo Mountains, toward which an automobile was speeding across California's San Fernando Valley.

At the wheel, intense and silent, sat Herbert Sugarman, Los Angeles manufacturer. Beside him was his wife, anxiously cradling the blanketed form of their small son, Ronnie, who was in the gasping throes of an asthmatic seizure.

Reaching the mountains, the car began a gradual, winding climb toward the northeast. At the town of Sunland, five miles beyond and 1,400 feet above sea level, the boy was breathing easier. At Tujunga, another 300 feet higher, where the Sugarmans live, he was breathing normally again.

To the people of the twin towns of Tujunga (pronounced "tuh-hung-guh") and Sunland, some 20 miles northeast of downtown Los Angeles, this amazing phenomenon is considered a matter of course. For of their 30,000 inhabitants, perhaps 7,000 are asthmatics. Many, like Ronnie Sugarman, whose parents had undertaken to spend a night in Los Angeles with him, are soon in trouble if they venture outside.

This brotherhood of asthma victims is gathered from all over the United States, and for good reason. At least 80 per cent of the adult arrivals find relief, often in a matter of hours—sometimes to the extent of showing no further symptoms of illness. Among children, more responsive than adults, virtually all are relieved.

The beneficiaries themselves tell stories verging on the miraculous. Charles Kendrick, past middle age, is a lean, hard 160 pounds, with the calloused hands and bronzed face of a man who works outdoors.

"You wouldn't believe it to look at me now," says Kendrick, "but before I came up here from Inglewood in 1947, I was spending three or four weeks at a time in an oxygen tent. I was down to 115 pounds, and so weak I could hardly walk. The doctor didn't have much hope for me. Don't know what he'd say now. I haven't seen him since I got here."

Mrs. Betty Kaplan, former New York businesswoman, tells how for years she had been forced to sleep sitting up. "Like this," she explains, cupping her chin in hand and leaning her elbow on the arm of a chair. "It was sheer torture, believe me. The doctor finally said, 'Betty,

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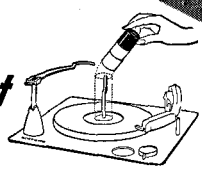
Amazing new "Victrola" phonograph plays all 3 speeds easier!

NOW . . . RCA Victor brings you the *finest* all-speed record changer ever designed! The *center* is the secret! With this new "slip-on" spindle, "45" records change from the center —the "45" way. Complete 3-speed "Victrola" phonograph, shown, has famous "Golden Throat" tone system . . . brings you music with console brilliance, breath-taking fidelity. Model 2ES3.

The center is the secret



New slip-on spindle gives all advantages of "45"

Plays up to 14 distortion-free "45" records at one loading. For 33⅓ rpm, simply slide off big spindle. For 78 rpm, flip over needle lever. Plays up to ten 12-inch records or twelve 10-inch. Also, intermixed sizes in the same speed. Has automatic last-record stop.

Compare the *tone*, the *performance* of RCA Victor's 3-speed "Victrola" phonograph with any other—see and hear the tremendous difference! Three more 3-speed "Victrola" instruments:

- Compact attachment (2JS1)
- Handsome portable (2ES38)
- Powerful radio-phonograph (2US7)

Try them yourself—*today*—at your RCA Victor dealer.

RCA VICTOR

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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there's nothing I can do, Go west!'

"I did and I stayed in one town for four months, and was no better off than I was in New York. I happened to see an ad for a place to stay in this town saying it was good for asthma. After a week in Tujunga, I went back to New York, sold my business, and moved here to stay. This is a miracle. I want to shout about it from the housetops."

The extraordinary remedial qualities of this settlement on the toes of the San Gabriel Mountains are receiving recognition from a growing number of physicians. Prominent among them is Dr. Frank G. Crandall, Jr., director of the allergy clinic at the University of California at Los Angeles, and special consultant in allergies to the Los Angeles City Health Department.

● "I send asthmatic children to the area who are underweight, on restricted diets, and suffering constant attacks," Dr. Crandall says. "In a few weeks they have gained weight, are eating things they never ate before, and most of them are free of any further seizures."

Dr. Milton Tobias, of Beverly Hills, is another who frequently recommends Tujunga to asthmatic patients. "There is no question but what the conditions there are exceptionally favorable," he says.

In the Rose Ann Gift Shop, Ward J. Martin, a slight, lean man of middle age, tells of growing deaf, weak and underweight from a chronic bronchial condition when he lived in Los Angeles. He moved to Tujunga in April, 1950, after spending a restful week end there with his parents.

"I still cough a little," Martin says, "but nothing like I used to. I've stood up under the strain of selling my shop in Los Angeles, and opening this one. I've seen the doctor only once since I came, and that was for a routine checkup. And I've got my hearing back!"

THERE ARE RESIDENTS, too, who claim to have found marked relief from arthritis in Tujunga. Among these is the mother of Dorothy McLeod, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. At her desk in city hall, Miss McLeod says:

"Mother was helpless when we came from Nevada ten years ago. She was down to 60 pounds. Now she does the housework, and weighs 95, only 15 pounds below normal for her."

John Cammiso, a heavy-set, 60-year-old former car inspector for the Illinois Central Railroad, was retired as semi-helpless from arthritis of the spine and feet. Since arriving in Tujunga in January, 1951, he has completed the half-finished house he bought, laid walks and a drive, and dug a basement under the house.

The salubrity of the locality, evident from such testimonials, is hardly less remarkable than the fact of its obscurity. Even Los Angeles, of which it is a corporate part, scarcely knows of it. One of the few hints of something special in the air is the words "Home of Health" on the "Tujunga" sign outside the town.

The real key to what causes the region's healthfulness is supplied by Dr. Charles C. Coghlan, specialist in allergies and pioneer in recognizing atmospheric conditions as a primary factor in asthma. Dr. Coghlan holds that most asthma is caused by dust, pollen and a myriad of

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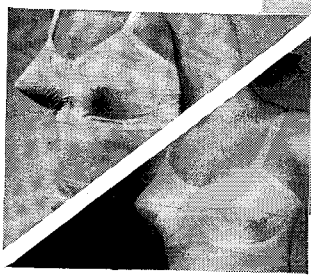
Illustrated #160—
Stitched Cup Broadcloth
Bra, $3.00



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Enjoy the difference

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other contaminants in the air; but the key in Tujunga, he says, is a matter of geography and geology.

Ranged along the south are the Verdugo Mountains. On the north are the San Gabriels, which reach a peak farther inland of more than 6,100 feet. On the northeast lies the Mojave Desert, and on the west swells the Pacific Ocean.

The floor of the pass between these two ranges, rent down the middle by Foothill Boulevard, rises from the west like a gangplank to a top of 2,000 feet. This is reached just east of Tujunga. Then the floor drops abruptly back to lower levels.

The San Gabriels are of granite. This stone has a high capacity for storing heat from the sun, which, since the range parallels the sun's course, beats against the south slopes from morning to night. After sundown, ordinarily the worst time for the asthmatic because irritants in the atmosphere settle with the cooling air, the heated granite keeps the air warmed and rising, pulling out any mischief-makers it may hold.

The updraft along the San Gabriels is so pronounced that an asthma attack artificially induced here may clear up in 20 minutes, Dr. Coghlan declares. Elsewhere, the attack may hang on for three days.

The continual purging of aerial contaminants, then, is manifestly what makes the difference for the asthmatic in the Tujunga area. But what is it that seems to help the arthritic? Could it be the same thing?

Possibly, since doctors indicate that arthritis is itself an "allergy manifestation." This is suggested by the fact that in treating arthritics for asthma, there is accompanying improvement in the other disease.

In 1932, Dr. Coghlan's curiosity about Tujunga's health benefits was aroused when he took a patient there whose asthma was of the "intractable" type, which yields to nothing. In 72 hours all evidence of the ailment had disappeared.

To explain this phenomenon, the doctor set out the following year to learn the extent to which the updraft kept the air cleared of pollutants. He placed glycerine slides in widely scattered points in the Los Angeles district, including Santa Catalina Island 25 miles at sea.

Then, from the heights just east of Tujunga, he blew 500 pounds of red stained cement and talc into the air through a two-inch pipe, 75 feet high. Later, he gathered his slides and slipped them under a microscope for a count of dust particles. On those from the Tujunga area the count was relatively nil.

Dr. J. J. Jelinek, who came to Tujunga from Chicago 20 years ago, seeking relief from sinus trouble, did so well that he settled down to practice there.

"About 20 per cent of respiratory allergies, of which asthma is the most obdurate, respond inadequately to modern methods of treatment, or to the usual changes in climate. These are the ones we get in Tujunga," Dr. Jelinek says. "After a short stay here, the response is remarkable."

Tujunga demonstrates anew the importance of a vital but diminishing commodity. Alex Marques, gazing off across the mountains toward Los Angeles, named it when he told how his Yaqui Indian father had lived in Tujunga to the age of 114. He said:

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KING OF DOGS

by REUBEN HECHT

Rex bore a royal title, and his loyalty to the man he served proved he couldn't have been given a more appropriate name

NEW YORK cab drivers might not always meet the best class of people, but they sure do meet the best class of dogs. We don't meet those skinny dogs that you see nosing around in alleys: they can't pay the meter. The dogs we meet are Park Avenue dogs, sometimes soaked with perfume and almost always sick and headed for the dog doctor's office.

Of all the dogs I ever hauled, the best was a police dog named Rex. A priest told me once that Rex means King in Latin, so if that's the case they named this one right.

I was headed down Fifth Avenue in the 90's when a doorman hailed me in front of a swanky apartment house. As he opened the cab door, a tall, good-looking man, holding onto a leash, came slowly toward the cab. A police dog led the man to the cab, poked his head inside, looked around, sniffed once or twice, and finally entered with his companion.

The man gave me a Wall Street address and I drove him there. Throughout the entire trip he didn't say a word; and I didn't either. The dog didn't even let out a whimper. It was as if I were driving an empty cab.

When we got downtown, the man asked me how much. I told him the fare and he gave me a dollar tip. Just before he closed the door, he said, "Could you return to pick me up at 3:30?"

At 3:30, there I was in front of the office building, and the man and dog were waiting. I drove them back to the apartment, and just before I got there, the man began to open up a little. He told me his name was Douglas and mentioned the firm he was with, but he didn't say what he did.

I couldn't figure out what a blind man was doing in an insurance office, but it wasn't any of my business, and even though he looked like a good guy, it didn't seem right to ask him. After he gave me another dollar tip, he asked would I like to haul him as a steady, every weekday, and I said it would be okay with me.

Well, after that, he always gave me a dollar more than the meter read and never tried to make a

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deal or bargain with me. A fine gentleman. But the thing I couldn't get over was the dog, Rex. Now, I don't know if dogs can tell colors or not, but Rex could sure tell the colors of taxicabs, and could tell my hack from the others. But the strangest thing was the way he crossed streets.

I always tried to drive him up on the right side, but sometimes I couldn't swing it, and he'd have to cross a light. I didn't like that, and I never pulled away until Rex got his master across the street. Sitting there watching Rex wait for the light to change was one of the funniest things you ever saw. The first time it happened I wanted to help him across myself, but I soon saw I couldn't do any better than Rex.

Naturally, after all these trips, Douglas, Rex and I got better acquainted, though not as much as I would have liked. He did tell me that he lived with his parents at the Fifth Avenue address, but he didn't say whether he had a wife there, or how he lost his sight, or anything like that.

About a year ago, things changed. One morning I drove up to the apartment house as usual, but for the first time he wasn't there. The doorman was, though, with a message that Douglas was ill, and wouldn't be able to ride downtown for a few days.

All week I had the jitters. I had the feeling that something was wrong, and I drove by the house a few times, as if just by looking I'd find the answer.

A couple of days later, I drove up to the house again. The doorman came over, and I didn't like the expression on his face. Very quietly he said, "Ruby, Douglas died Saturday."

Well, it was just like being hit by a truck. True, he was still a stranger to me, but I felt as if I had lost a member of my own family. I couldn't say anything.

I didn't feel like working any more that day, so I wheeled into the garage, said I felt sick, and went home. Next day I stayed home too, but in the afternoon I got restless. So I took the subway to Douglas' apartment and met his parents for the first time.

I introduced myself and they told me that their son had often told them about me, and how much he enjoyed the rides to and from the office. Even Rex came over and rubbed his nose against my leg. Rex's eyes had a very sad look, too, and the way his ears flopped down seemed to express grief.

I must have been there two hours and was pretty low when I left. I learned more about Douglas that afternoon than he had ever told me, how he had been a pilot during the war, shot down during a mission over Germany. That was what blinded him.

Before going into service he had been in the research department of this insurance company, and was considered one of the most brilliant men in the field. When he came back from the war, Douglas was put in charge of the research department, and was soon due for a full partnership. But, of course, all that was gone now.

About ten days after my visit with his parents, I found a message to call them. I went over there and his mother said they were having trouble with Rex. He wasn't eating

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and he wouldn't leave Douglas' room. He had lost his sleekness and was losing weight rapidly. As a last resort they called me, thinking I might be able to come up with some suggestion.

Well, I did have an idea, even though it sounded crazy. First, I asked for his harness and leash. The dog let me put them on, seeing as how we're good friends. Gently I talked to him, and slowly led him out of the apartment. We took a walk along Fifth Avenue for about an hour and then returned to the apartment.

I went back next morning with the cab at the same time I used to pick up Douglas. I put the harness and leash on Rex again, and he fell into the habit and led me over to the cab. I drove downtown over the same route I used to take with his master, pulled up at the office building, then took the dog up in the elevator.

Meantime, Douglas' father had already spoken with one of the senior partners of the firm, and he was waiting for me. He took us to Douglas' desk, and Rex parked there as he always did beside the now empty swivel chair. I left him there. Then, at 3:30, I showed up and drove him to the apartment.

Funny thing, the treatment looked like it might work. The dog began to eat and seemed to cheer up. This went on for three days, and he kept getting better.

The following Friday afternoon I called for Rex on schedule. Just as we left the office building, Rex gave a sudden leap and broke away from me. He spotted an opening between two parked cars, and before I could grab him he ran out into the street. Traffic in Wall Street is heavy at that hour.

It was all over in a few seconds. Rex was hit by a car and died almost instantly.

The cop nearby came running over and asked the driver what happened. The man was bewildered and said he didn't see Rex—that's how fast he shot into the street.

Turning to me, the cop asked a few questions, and I told him who the dog belonged to, and assured the owner wouldn't want to make any charge.

Well, of course, they don't have coroners' reports on the deaths of dogs. But believe me, if I was making out a report of this incident and its causes, I think I'd write just one short word—suicide.

Today's profits are yesterday's good will—ripened.
—*Swing*

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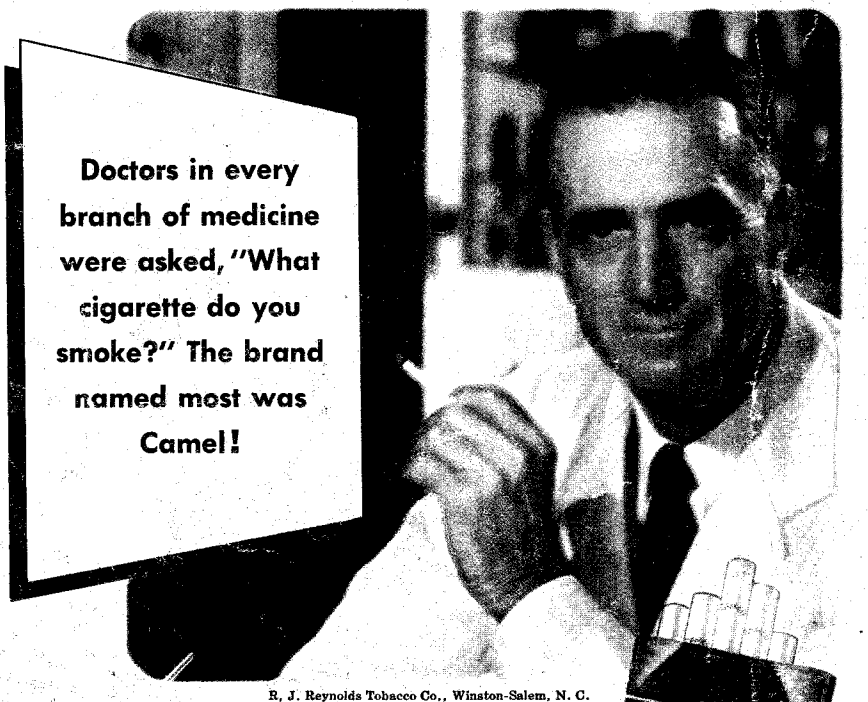

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